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Original Poetry.

WE PARTED.

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

We parted—'twas a bonny day,
In Spring's enchanting weather;
And sweet the smiles of opening May,
That found us last together;
And then grew strangely sad our hearts,
When came the parting hour;
As mildew that the night imparts,
Will dim the sweetest flower;
Bright, bright had been those hours to us,—
We met in joy and gladness;
Nor deemed we hearts united thus,
Might part in gloom and sadness.

Full fast I ween, the moments flew,
That found us last together;
And sweet as is the scented dew,
To flowers in summer weather;
We met where merry hearts beat light,
And smiling eyes were round us;
Nor recked we time might set his blight,
Upon the spell that bound us;
We parted, when we found too true,
That tenderest ties must sever;
Alas! that joys so sweet that flew,
Should fade and fade forever!

We parted—'twas when bonny May,
In rainbow wreath was shining;
And spring bloom with golden ray,
The garden edge was lining;
And sad it was to bid farewell
With naught but bloom to meet us;
No chilling gale of death to tell,
Or withered leaf to greet us;
Perchance 'twas wise, perchance 'twas meet,
That fate our lots should sever;
And yet a sigh that joys so sweet,
Should fade and fade forever!

Green, green for thee Hope's garlands twine,
And happy stars watch o'er thee;
And faith direct with ray divine,
To golden days before me;
Whilst oft a thought will bloom unseen,
How late we met together;
When winds were balm, and leaves were green,
In Spring's enchanting weather;
But one sad sigh, we found so true,
That time our fates should sever;
And hours on silken wings that flew,
Should fade and fade forever!

Original Tales.

PLOUGH DEEP.

A Story of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCES AND FANNY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Plough deep! Oh yes, it is easy enough to say *plough deep*, but the horses have a word to say to that bargain. Ten acres, too, and the plough share has cut down twelve inches at every step, and yet my young master says 'Plough deep, Coptsel.' There, that is the last furrow; thank Heaven, I am at the bottom! Aha! plough deep! yes, deep enough, far down—"

Coptsel had just arrived at this point of his soliloquy, and at the end of the furrow, when down went the plough, down to the breast went the horses, and Coptsel was nearly following them. He however succeeded in extricating the animals, who rendered him every assistance that instinct suggested, and the first act of Lightfoot, the near horse, was to turn round and bite Coptsel's leg.

Coptsel would have whipped the horse soundly, but his master approached, and the man subdued his rage to point out the abrupt finish of his labors.

"This is very strange," said the young man; "and—there—the foundation of the wall is giving way. Stand aside, Coptsel, for the little turret must of course fall, if the wall tumbles down. Take the horses to the stable, and blow the horn thrice, for Juba."

"Never mind," grumbled Coptsel, as he jumped on Lightfoot and led the other horse; "never mind, Lightfoot, I'll thrash you for this, yet—so don't think you are to escape."

The horn blew thrice, and Juba, a negro, made his appearance in great haste.

"Look here, Juba, and unriddle this," said the young man. "The mere weight of the horses and plough has made the earth sink in. There must have been a large hollow there, and yet how could there be one so near the foundation of the stone wall. If there is no way to prevent the stones from falling, the little turret must come down, and this will kill the old lady at once."

Juba looked at the gap and then decided in his own mind that the arch of some passage had given way, and that the corner of the wall on which the turret had been built was directly over the passage.

"Come here in about an hour," said Juba to the young man, "and perhaps you will find that the turret will not fall."

So he departed, and the negro, with the reluctant assistance of Coptsel and two laborers, succeeded in propping up the wall. By the time the evening closed, the turret was safe, and the young man, who had examined the props, walked back to the house with Juba.

"Well, Juba," said he, "what is your opinion of that great hole under ground? I have no doubt you have probed it to the bottom."

Juba was silent. The men were lagging behind, but within hearing; and he thought it best to keep his thoughts to himself.

"Whatever it might have been, Master Steno, it is nothing now, and will be filled up to-morrow. I am glad, at any rate, that Madam Sturve does not know of the accident. I hope, Coptsel, you will not frighten the maids about it."

"Oh, I will answer for him," said the young man. "Besides, he has quarrelled with Libbet, they say, and so he goes not in the kitchen. Do you come to my room after supper," said he, in a low voice, to Juba, "and let me talk this and other matters over."

Steno Sturve, the hero of our story, was a plain, good-principled young man, of about twenty-one years of age. He was almost self-taught, for he had no masters after he was twelve years old, and all that he knew of books and philosophy he acquired by his own industry, for his love of knowledge was strong.

The young man was the last male descendant of the Steno Sturve who was Regent in Sweden after the death of Charles VIII., in the year 1470. This Regent was nephew to the king, and conducted the affairs of Sweden with great judgment and prudence, but by a base stratagem of Christian II., King of Denmark, was treacherously murdered. His mother, with his young son, retired to a small estate in Upsal, where she remained unmolested, and, indeed, forgotten by all but the Archbishop of Upsal, who, for some reason of his own, took an interest in the affairs of the little orphan.

On this estate, and near the mansion, or palace it might be called in those days, was a small chapel, on which great skill and immense sums of money had been lavished. This could well be conceived, as three hundred years after its erection, it was still in excellent preservation. The mansion, still, unlike those generally in Sweden at that time—or indeed in 1819, the period when our story begins—was built of stone, and stone over which the elements seemed to have no control.

In this Chapel the Archbishop sometimes condescended to preach, and it was on one of these occasions that the Lady Sturve conveyed to him the unpleasant information that her funds for the maintenance of her grandson were exhausted.

The Archbishop looked at her for several minutes without speaking. He then rose, told her that he would revolve the matter in his mind, and let her know the result the next day.

"This is your last meal, Steno," said she, as they sat down to their slender supper; "this is your last meal as owner of Sturve Chapel. For well I know, by the peculiar look of the Archbishop's eye, that a plentiful board can only be purchased by the sale of that Chapel."

"I don't mind letting him have the Chapel, if he will give me money enough to travel. I am tired of living here, frozen up nine months in the year, and doing nothing for the three summer months but climb rocks and catch fish. I'm for France."

Steno was now in his sixteenth year, and as he did not love study, in fact there were few facilities there to an indifferent mind, it was, as he said, dull enough.

"Would you leave me here alone?" said she reproachfully.

"Oh, no, grandmother, you shall go along."

"No, degenerate boy," said she, "I stir not from an estate that has been in our family for many centuries. I have long perceived that you wish to leave me; and as I know the obstinacy of your nature, I shall make no opposition. Go to France, if the Archbishop consents, and when you are as weary of that country as you are of your own now, come back and lay your bones by the side of your father's and mine, in Sturve Chapel."

The young lad laughed at this solemn winding up of his grandmother's speech; but he promised to return if weariness overtook him, an event which he thought not likely to happen. The Archbishop gave his consent, his benediction, and, what Steno thought the most agreeable part of all, a purse well filled with gold pieces. To be sure, he took good care to secure himself from ultimate loss, but Steno thought little of this as long as he possessed the means of looking into a world which presented so many fairy scenes to his imagination.

He departed from Upsal in 1519, and in the year 1572, just 53 years afterwards, and in his 69th year, he returned to his estate, weary of that foreign world which looked so fair to him at a distance. His grandmother lived and ruled for twenty years after he left her, and in that time, by occasional remittances from Steno, and her own prudence and thrift, she had redeemed the Chapel and lands; for, the Archbishop being dead, money was more desirable to his heirs than a Chapel without revenue.

Steno Sturve did not return alone; he married at the age of forty, had four sons, and with this family, and wealth enough to satisfy his utmost wishes, he arrived at the castle of Upsal without meeting with a human being who had any recollection of him. The climate proved too severe for Madam Sturve, and *she* died. One of the sons, Oswald, was drowned; Eric remained single; Harold, the youngest and handsomest, married a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl from Norway; and it was to *his* heirs that Sturve would have been compelled to leave his property, had not Steno, the eldest, and an old man himself, announced to his father that he intended to marry.

In due time he married; and when he presented his aged father with a fine thriving son, Harold, with a small annuity settled on his heirs by his father, left the paternal home, and was seen no more. Generation after generation came and went, until, in the year 1796, the hero of our story was born, and five years after, his sister Mildred came also.

The grandfather of this young man, like the first Steno, was determined to travel, he had wealth at command, and was known in Paris before he arrived there as a clear headed financier. He married, and in due course of time had a daughter. This was quite an unlooked for change in the regular order of the Sturve family, for the first born had invariably been a son. As no son succeeded the daughter, Steno became fretful and disconsolate, it was in vain that his mother, who had gone to Paris on a visit, told him that a girl would make as good an heir as a boy; he would not listen, and his constant ill temper towards his wife, joined to a delicate constitution, soon sapped the foundations of health and sent her to the grave.

A second marriage brought him a son, but he was again a widower; this, however, did not disturb his tranquillity, for he had secured an heir, and he had nothing farther to desire. His mother, however, took it into her head to die likewise, and that event *did* derange his plans. Upsal now year after year came nearer and nearer to view, and as the vision brightened he arranged his affairs, turned everything into gold, and at the age of sixty found himself seated on the portico of Sturve Castle gazing on the lake.

His daughter was now thirty, but being very tall, very sallow with strongly marked features, she looked much older. Steno, his son, was twenty-one; and as his father determined that one, at least, of the name of Sturve should marry early, a wife was selected, and in the course of four years she brought him first a son and then a daughter.

Whatever might be the old man's reasons at his death, he only left his heir the real estate, which consisted of nothing more than the castle, the chapel and about thirty acres of land. He settled on his daughter about three thousand dollars a year, and at her death it was to go to his grand-daughter Phillippa. After her demise it went to a distant branch of the family, a daughter of one of the descendants of Harold Sturve, the grandson of Steno Sturve the Regent of Sweden.

Our hero lost his father and mother at a very early period, and as his great aunt still reigned in full power, the care of himself and sister fell upon her, his aunt, Fillie, as she was called, having no authority whatever.

Madame Sturve was now in her seventy-third year, and was as much a Frenchwoman as on the day she left Paris. She had not even changed the fashion of her dress, still wearing the high-heeled shoe and the high peaked cap with long flying lappets, and deep ruffles of rich lace at the elbow. She was very tall, and this, added to the high heels and high cap, made her appear to a stranger as a messenger from an unknown world.

During her father's life she had ruled him as his mother did before, then she ruled her brother, and her authority still continued, for her patronizing arm reached down from her brother to his grandson, the present Steno Sturve. As to her niece Fillie, she did not consider it worth while to interfere in her concerns at all. In fact it would not have eventuated in anything like satisfaction, for Fillie had a way of her own too, which, if not obstinacy, was so near akin to it as to produce the same effect—she never paid any attention to any suggestion or remonstrance from any one.

Now Fillie had sense enough of a certain sort, she went through the monotonous routine of her life with cheerfulness, found fault with nothing, saw no faults in any one, took everything for granted, interested herself in nothing in particular, and in nothing in general, in short she was sensible to nothing excepting that when her aunt died she was to inherit the income during her life.

"When Aunt dies," she would say to their man of business, "I shall have three thousand dollars a year, now I have nothing."

This man of business, otherwise a good man enough, thought that he could manage to keep Fillie in so happy a humor as she was now, even though she should change her name to Wilson. He paid great court to her therefore, for the symptoms of decay in Madame Sturve were becoming more and more apparent every change of the season.

Mildred, our hero's sister, would neither submit to the domineering spirit of her great aunt, nor to the accommodating spirit of her little aunt. There was nothing therefore that promised comfort but to send her to Stockholm, and thither she went at the age of twelve.

CHAPTER II.

Before we say anything further, it is necessary that we should speak of Juba. Our hero's father had been crossed in love, and his grandfather, to dissipate his melancholy, persuaded him to travel. Instead, however, of going to France, where much of his early recollections centered, for his aunt spoke of nothing and thought of nothing that had not some allusion to the place of his birth, he went to America, and it was in Virginia that he saw the lady who was to supplant the fair one who had disappointed his hopes.

Mildred Cranleigh was a fair delicate girl, an only child, and utterly helpless. She had four or five slaves constantly near her, and every wish and request was anticipated, in fact, her sweetness of temper made it a pleasure to gratify her. When the young Swede made his appearance among them he was so struck with the grace, beauty and docility of the young girl, so unlike anything he had ever seen before, that she become a study. He lingered in the neighborhood quite long enough for Mr. Cranleigh to inquire through the Swedish Consul, about his family and character, and when he was ready to offer his hand to the daughter, the father was quite ready to bestow it.

Juba had a twin sister, and she as well as he thought that slavery would indeed be a burthen if Miss Millie were to leave them, so they entreated and wept until Mr. Cranleigh consented that they should accompany his daughter to Sweden. They were then mere children, not more than twelve years of age, but remarkably intelligent and docile. Phillis, however, could never learn to write, though her young mistress took as much pains with her as with Juba, but her affections were as strong, and her determination to go as earnest as his were.

Steno Sturve introduced his fair bride, and was well received by his father, but the old lady, Madame Sturve, could hardly treat her with civility, so great was her indignation at having married any other than a French woman. Miss Fillie was neutral, for it was a matter of indifference whether her brother married a French or an American woman, as her income could not be affected by it. She only wondered that Tantie made such a lament.

But the fair delicate girl found that Upsal was not a bed of roses, her husband, to be sure, was kind and even anxious that she should not suffer from the excessive colds of the winter, but nothing could protect her from the coldness of Madame Sturve and her biting sarcasms. The birth of a son gave her energy, however, and she bore the gloomy monotony of her life without a murmur, nay, without any suspicion on the part of her husband that there was any hidden cause of discontent. He had, himself, been so accustomed to the disagreeableness of his aunt's temper and manners, that he forgot to observe how it affected his wife.

Five years after she gave birth to a daughter, and from that moment she began to droop. Her husband saw with concern that her constitution was injured by the severity of the climate, he therefore determined to take her to Virginia, to remain there a twelvemonth, and then to travel with her until her health was restored. But a letter just then received put a stop to his plans, for it announced the death of Mr. Cranleigh, and that his estates had passed into the hands of his creditors.

This, of itself, would have hastened the poor lady's death, but fortune was still more severe, for Steno, her husband, took a heavy cold from exposure in a boat during a storm of hail and rain, and died after a fortnight's severe suffering. In one week his tender wife lay at his side, and thus the little orphans came entirely under the care of Madame Sturve.

Juba and Phillis were now about nineteen years of age, and as their happiness was bound up in their young mistress, her death overwhelmed them with grief. Phillis hated Madame Sturve and despised Miss Fillie for being constant in attendance on her young mistress, she saw the hardness of the old woman's heart and the weakness and frivolity of the young one. They, in return, hated Phillis, and as everything was in the power of Madame Sturve, she debarred the poor girl from all intercourse with the children; as to Juba, he was tolerated, because his services were not required within doors, and he therefore did not give that offence which Phillis did both by look and words.

"Juba," said she, "I shall either die myself or kill Madame Sturve if I remain here any longer. I am of no use to the dear children, and you know yourself that I scarcely ever see them, so let us go back to Virginia."

But Juba would not listen to this, and for a long time he endeavored to reason her out of this determination. He even spoke to Madam Sturve, begging her to allow Phillis to see the children at stated hours, striving by every means, to enlist her compassion for a poor girl who had left her family and mild climate to follow her young mistress. But the old lady was inexorable, she condescended to give her reasons to the young man, for she could not avoid respecting him for his good sense and good principles. She said that if Phillis had hourly, or even daily access to them, she would from her indulgent disposition do great injury to their health and character. That her aim was to inure them to the climate, and thus overcome the tendency to consumption, which they inherited from their mother, who might, had she been a French woman, be alive at this moment.

Juba had promised his mistress never to forsake the children, so he determined to remain, let his situation be ever so disagreeable, but Phillis was of too fiery a temperament to be kept in such bondage. Madam Sturve, through her man of business, facilitated the girl's departure, provided her with funds, and saw her quit Upsal with pleasure. Juba felt her absence keenly, for he seemed now alone in the world, but he bore up manfully, and after a few struggles he resolved to ingratiate himself in Madam Sturve's favor.

It really was very affecting and yet amusing too, to hear the parting advice of the brother and sister. Phillis entreated Juba to scorn Madam Sturve, and insult Miss Fillie whenever he had a chance, and to teach the children to despise them. That she, being free, would work hard, save every dollar, and when there was enough send for them all, and bring the children up herself. Juba listened to it all in silence, merely nodding his head, and in return begged her to write to him from time to time, that he might hear of her welfare. As she could not write he hit upon the plan of writing the letters himself, putting a wafer in each letter and directing it carefully. One letter announced her safe arrival in Virginia—another was to let him know which of his early friends were dead or sold in other States, and another was to say whether she had found friends.

Poor Phillis bitterly regretted that she had not improved the chance she once had of learning to write, but she understood Juba's plan, and all she had to do was to make a red cross if the friend was living and contented, or a black cross if dead or removed to a distance. As to her welfare that was to be expressed by painted letters, cut from newspapers, and pasted on the sheet of paper, which could be effected with tolerable ease, as Phillis could read.

"And I will tell you what else I will do, Juba," said poor Phillis, just as she was leaving him. "I will put my death in the newspaper, and when I see it in print, I will cut it out, put it in this letter, and keep it till I really die. I will tell some kind friend to put it in the Post Office, and then you will know that poor Phillis is gone to Heaven, to dear Miss Mildred."

Juba was inconsolable for several days, but the little boy pined after him, and Madam Sturve, now that Phillis was out of the way, indulged the child in his wishes, so that in a short time he almost lived in Juba's sight. It was a great pleasure to teach the little boy who was so fond of him, and so eager to learn. Madam Sturve found that there was great gain in this, for the expense of a master would be saved. In the meantime he did not neglect the little Mildred, who soon became as fond of him as her brother was.

It was owing to Juba, therefore, that the heir of the family grew strong in health, for he was exercised on every fair occasion in the open air, and encouraged to climb, jump and run, as well as to row on the lake until the roughest weather was encountered without injury. As far as was practicable he trained the little Mildred to these exercises, and she might have remained under his tutilage for a longer time had not the unpleasant temper of the old lady made her rebel.

"Juba," said she, one day, "my heart will break if I live with Madam Sturve any longer; she never sees me without saying something cruel about my dear mother; and I can bear it no longer. Do not tell Steno of this, but contrive that I may be sent to school."

Juba had foreseen this, and on a visit to Stockholm he made all the inquiries necessary, even to the terms, so that when he begged Madam Sturve to let Mildred go, he was ready to answer all questions. But what weighed most with the old lady was the very small sum demanded for board and education, so Sybil, the old housekeeper, was ordered to prepare Mildred for Stockholm.

Sybil was as great a character in her department as Madam Sturve, quite as independent and quite as antiquated in her manner and dress. But she had strong affections—that is—she passionately loved her children during their life, and cherished their memory, transferring all the love she bore them, and there were four all grown to manhood, to her two grand children, a girl about the age of Mildred and a grand-son about a year older than Steno.

But if she loved these children as she did her own life, she loved no one else, nay, she hated all others, as if they were in some way or other inimical to their interests. It was as much owing to her harsh and contracted temper that the little Mildred suffered under Madam Sturve's exactions as to the bigotry and selfishness of the old lady herself. As to Fillie, nothing made an impression upon her, and this Sybil soon discovered, so that there was no concerted plan to lessen her influence in the family, for she did not possess any, even Libbitt, the cook, never cared whether she was pleased or displeased with the dishes she sent to table.

As Madam Sturve had long since ceased to read, and as her curiosity was still as evident as ever, it became necessary to have a reader. This was one source of misery to poor little Mildred, who was compelled to read the most tiresome books when her gay and cheerful spirit wanted to travel in fairy land. The old lady had a passion for farming, and finding that there were excellent treatises on agriculture in English, and as Mildred could read as well in English as in French, these tiresome books were given her to read. In the midst of a sentence she would often stop Mildred to correct her pronunciation, and here the child would rebel.

Madam Sturve never could master the English language so as to speak it correctly, yet she persisted in speaking it, still less could she pronounce it. If she were told that c o u g h was pronounced as if it were c a u f, that she comprehended; of course, *laugh* and *rough* were easy, and so was *enough* and *trough*. But when it came to *dough* and *plough* she was completely thrown aback, and never could be set right. So when Mildred came to the word plough, and pronounced it as was proper, Madam Sturve would always stop her, and call it ploff, and when she sent the child to Coptsel the ploughman, it was to insist on his ploffing deep, a command which she obeyed only in part, for *she would* call it *ploughing deep*.

As to the language of the country, in fact as to the Swedish or German language, she despised them too much to learn them, of course her dislike to Mildred increased upon being told by Sybil that the little girl could read the *Arabian Nights* in the Swedish language.

Sybil could not, or would not read to the old lady, and Steno was never at home when she was disposed to hear any one read. Madam Sturve did for one moment think of asking Fillie to finish the book that Mildred began, but a single glance at her uncommonly unpromising face, put the thought aside, so the old lady was quite unhappy.

"I cannot conceive why you should want to read what those Englishmen write," said Sybil, one day; "if you go on to fret in this manner, Miss Fillie will soon be mistress of this fine income, and Steno will ploff deep or ploff shallow, just as it suits him. I will go to Stockholm to-morrow, and see whether my little grand daughter Haroldine can read English, if she can, I will lend her to you for a few months."

Madam Sturve agreed to this, in fact what Sybil suggested was a law, for we generally find that a contracted and harsh temper is kept in submission by one still more contracted and harsh. Besides, as it respected Sybil she had human sympathies, she did love something, Madam Sturve nothing, not even a lap dog. Sybil returned in about ten days, leading a bashful, pretty little girl by the hand with the agreeable news that though only twelve years old she could read both French and English, and thought it was quite proper to pronounce plough ploff and dough doff.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Sonnets.

SONNETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEYDON BARD.

I. FANCY.

A beautiful bird on the breath of spring,
Of Parian feature and graceful wing,
Came floating along through the azure sky
As rosy morn burst o'er the hill-tops high,
O'er cascade and streamlet, through fairy bowers,
Where pearly dews sparkled on laughing flowers,
It playfully sported its waving plume,
And breathed the delights of their rare perfume.
Ah! bright were the gems of each magic scene
That greeted the smiles of that elfin queen!
Sweet music announced her with lingering swell,
And fresh leaves flashed where her soft glance fell;
Till weary she fled the enraptured sight,
More beautiful still in her fading flight!

II. REASON.

Within his lonely and obscured retreat
Aged Reason, couched in his time honored seat,
Sat all in silence, calmly pondering o'er
An antique volume of mysterious lore,
With thoughtful brow he scann'd the classic page
To grasp the treasures of his favorite sage;
And as he clutched the moral of the tale,
A meaning smile stole o'er his features pale;
For lo! a mine of wisdom it revealed,
Which eighteen hundred years had been concealed!
"Ha! they are mine at last!" his lips exclaimed,
"Glory and honors, fortune, lasting fame,
Nature I've probed, and list her proud decree,
Mankind are equal—let them hence be free!"

III. LIFE.

Life is a spell that binds man down to earth
With ponderous fetters under nature's laws,
Whose power he fondly courts from early birth,
And battles years to win their proud applause.
All life is but a weary struggle here
To burst asunder these confining chains;
And breath a new existence in some sphere
Where lasting bliss defies consuming pains,
Each step is guided by some deep design;
Each word well weighed against o'erpending doom;
Each action but a prayer to some fond shrine,
Whose grateful light may beautify his tomb!
These are its symbols—misery—discord—strife;
And then their great progenitor, Oh Life!

IV. DEATH.

Death is the breaking of that mystic spell
Which links the soul within the human breast;
Freeing the spirit from this mortal cell
To journey onward to its destined rest,
The end of action; when with dread command
A solemn dissolution rends in twain
The immortal spark which flies to spirit-land,
And mortal coil, that melts to earth again!
The humbling of the great, the bold, the proud;
The blessing of the wretched and distressed;
The final fold of Time's devouring shroud
Through dark decay and mould'ring forms expressed—
Then consummated by man's parting breath,
Eternity begins with thee, Oh Death!

A Touching Story.

A HEAD STONE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguished from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over, and the party with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate and about to leave the church-yard. Here some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the hundred yards that the little procession had to move from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and enquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another the little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the grey-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther, removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral; such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave with severe and unimpassioned grief. They were brothers—the only sons of him who had been buried; and there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of common sorrow. But these two brothers who were standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor; selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations; unaccommodating manners on both sides; taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance; imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been one and the same; these and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually and fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if anything could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently side by side, while the earth, stones and clods were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that in spite of them was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, scull and cross-bones, chisseled, not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the by-standers—"William, this is not kind in you—you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could have loved him. You were the elder, and it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head stone, had I not?"

During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave, returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designating this last mark of affection and respect to his memory; so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simple, among the other ostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected by his "affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly—"Yes, we are his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command our hearts, let us at least bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, but not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to, bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely towards each other.

As the brothers stood fervently but composedly, grasping each others hands in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father, for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent—nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you, and you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there; and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him:

"My sons—if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial, till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and, when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, with the minister to the Manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting, with their families, in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible, when the minister gave out the text; and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung, (given out at their own request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found on the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

From the Magazines.

FROM GODEY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY, 1846.

PRECIPITATION.

BY MRS. P. W. B. CAROTHERS.

"And you are really going to be married, Bell?"

"Yes."

There was a pause of several minutes, and both girls looked embarrassed. Isabella Clayton turned to the dressing-glass and hid the confusion that suffused her beautiful brow and burst upon her crimson cheek, by arranging her glossy hair anew, though the moment before she had turned away apparently satisfied with the arrangement of her jewelled tresses. Mary Ellett sat still on the low ottoman she occupied, her arms gradually sunk down by her side, her head drooped, and the long silken lashes fell over the ashy pale cheek, and but that the lace rose and fell with every swell of her bosom, she would have resembled some fair specimen of statuary brought from those southern European climes where woman's loveliness inspired the poet and the sculptor with the genius to perpetuate its glory.

The bride stole a glance at her companion, and the carnation deepened on her cheek—another, and neck and brow were glowing with the bright carmine that sometimes flushes the alabaster complexion of youthful beauty; but neither girl spoke. The one was the triumphant, the affianced bride of one of those favorites of fortune whom the world flatters into a belief of superiority; the other was the gentle companion of his boyhood, the trusted, but then neglected friend of his youth. Ah, sweet Mary Ellett, thy thoughts are away in the deep wildwood of thy early home; the tinkling of the sheep-bell is in thine ear, and the soft gurgling of the brook over its pebbly bed; but most musical of all is the gay ringing voice of Theodore Morton, thy orphan cousin. Keep the picture bright in thy memory, gentle limner, for nothing in after life will ever prove so fair, though much will be as false.

Isabella was city born and city bred, and no such reminiscences of girlhood came to pale the bright hues of health and hope upon her cheek. Taught from her cradle the artificial conventionalisms of fashionable society, she resembled nature as little as the roses that adorned her bonnet. Early initiated into the world's maxims, she believed the first object of pursuit was the securing a good match that would allow her an establishment within the circles of *good society*; and without this she believed life not worth having. Several men of fortune had already presented themselves and received successively that degree of encouragement that fashionable ladies can bestow or withdraw at pleasure without committing themselves—for Isabella was scrupulously *correct*, and, little as she cared for paining a manly heart, would have been shocked at being accused of bestowing one more smile or waltzing once more with a gentleman than was strictly allowable. At length young Morton presented himself in the hemisphere of fashion, and his handsome person and half a million of dollars at once secured him the approbation of its stars. Caught by the transcendent beauty of Isabella, and charmed by the brilliance of her manners, he followed in the magic dance of pleasure, and, almost before he was aware, the tide of burning and passionate admiration had been poured into willing ears, and words had been spoken that could never be recalled, and pledges exchanged on the delirium of excitement had passed away to give place to the calmer day-dreams of happiness that for years, in the old college groves, had made Mary Ellett their theme. True, no word of love had been spoken, no pledge of the betrothal exchanged, but they had grown up one in heart and soul, and both had loved, as none ever love again, while they were nature's children; and now that he was no longer nature's, but the world's and fashion's, Mary was forgotten in his temporary idolatry of the proud beauty. So fascinated was Theodore by the round of frivolities, that seem so charming in the eyes of the young novice, and by which the votaries of fashion try to hedge out the fiend ennui, that he remembered not his venerable uncle, his more than maternal aunt, the tender nurse of his infancy, nor the quiet and beautiful home of his youth, until an accidental conversation brought them back in all their power to the heart of the bewildered boy.

In Mr. Clayton's parlor some morning visitors were sustaining a lively conversation with Isabella, and much gay *badinage* was exchanged between the girls in reference to a naval officer who was but just arrived, and who had been the star of attraction at the springs the last season.

"Ah, Bell, it was too cruel to treat the gallant tar so unmercifully," said a lady, with an audible sigh, while a smile struggled still to display her white teeth.

"Indeed, you were mistaken," replied Bell, gravely; "it was Mary Ellett, the pale girl, who always walked with her father, who was the object of the gallant tar's addresses."

"Yes, indeed, I recollect," said another young lady. "Many thought she had caught him, but I believe he slipped through her net."

"That was the girl for whom the rich Georgian proposed," observed the first speaker, "and the silly fool rejected him because he was old and yellow, and she poor and certainly not handsome."

The gliding in of a new circle of visitors and the departure of the first, allowed Theodore time to reflect. His thoughts revenged themselves for their temporary oblivion, and vividly rose before him the images of his beloved and neglected relations. "And I have ventured to make so important, so momentous a step, without even the poor compliment of bestowing my confidence on my dear and faithful old guardians. And thou, too, Mary!" But we have not time to soliloquise with the youth of two-and-twenty, who, just emancipated from college restraints and possessed of large fortune, was already giddily driving in the round of folly. Passing through the city in his way home, from which he had been absent for years, he determined to spend a few weeks in participating in its pleasures, and ere a few days had expired, he had forfeited his so lately acquired liberty. He had not paused in his mad career of passion to consult his friends, but now that he heard their names pronounced by strange lips, an undefinable emotion of jealous regret took possession of his heart, and he that a moment before had hung entranced over the instrument from which Isabella was drawing sounds that he thought might charm an angel to linger *at her side*, was now impatient to be gone. Isabella had marked the gloom that settled over his brow, but not knowing the cause, she waited till the departure of their last guest, and then, with the graceful ease of girlhood, she passed her arm through his and walked through the now deserted apartments. Her winning tenderness awoke the slumbering spirit of passionate adulation; and for a few minutes he again poured forth those accents so dear to her vanity; but soon the shade passed over his eyes, his color changed, and though he walked beside her, his air was so abstracted that Isabella, piqued at his neglect, reproached him for becoming tired of her society already.

"Nay, dearest, that could not be; but I heard names to-day that recalled me from the delirium of love in which I have existed for the last fortnight." Then altering his manner, as if some painful thought stung him, he abruptly turned towards Isabella. "Do you know Mary Ellett?"

The deepest crimson that can blush through the transparent cheek of woman dyed Isabella's as she replied, hastily—"No—yes—that is, she was the passing acquaintance of a temporary association at the springs last summer. But why do you ask?" she said, raising her eyes that had drooped beneath his keen, nay, almost stern scrutiny.

"Because she is my own dear Mary, my uncle's daughter, the daughter of her who nursed me into life in her maternal bosom. They spoke contemptuously of her to-day. I must return directly to my uncle's. I was on my way thither when I met with you, Isabella, and you have made me forgetful of all I most value."

Isabella was thunderstruck. Once before Mary Ellett had crossed her path and snatched from her the proudest trophy in her garland of conquests. It was not to be endured; but the rich prey must not be suffered to escape, and she bent her fair head in seeming sympathy with Theodore's feelings as he poured out the full tide of all his latent fondness for his relations, and while internally wishing her at Jerusalem, was contriving some scheme to keep them separate until their engagement should become irrevocable. It was at length arranged that Theodore should proceed to his uncle's, bearing a letter to Mary praying her instant presence as bridesmaid to consult as to the thousand etceteras of a bride's toilette. Instantly sitting down to her task, Isabella penned so affectionate a letter to Mary, that she fancied she could not resist her appeal, and with an uneasy and beating heart she bad him farewell, and then putting on her bonnet walked out to make some purchases. Meanwhile Mr Ellett had been called to the city on some business, and Mary wishing to make some additions to her wardrobe before the return of "dear Theodore," had accompanied him. She was deeply engaged in pricing silks and muslins when a fair hand grasped her's, and the silvery tones of Isabella's voice brought back the memory of her beautiful Spa acquaintance of the last season. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and so pressingly did Isabella insist on Mary's accompanying her home, that Mr Ellett yielded, and arm in arm the two lovely girls returned to Mr. Clayton's just as Theodore, after dispatching an early dinner, had gone on board the steamer that was to convey him to his uncle's.

Reflection had now time to awake regret at his precipitation. Should she prove ill-tempered! Should she, the idolized of a crowd, not prize the pleasures of domestic life! Theodore felt he was made to be happy at home, and he now sighed to remember in what a giddy round of amusements Isabella was continually engaged. The beautiful scenery of the Hudson passed unnoticed, and when he found himself actually landed at his uncle's, the home of his childhood, the play-place of his boyhood's holidays, the fount of long suppressed feeling was unsealed, and as his good and kind aunt folded him to her bosom, hot tears gushed to his eyes. The absence of his uncle and Mary he felt to be a positive relief, and as he unbosomed himself to his aunt, he felt for the first time in his life the want of that cordial sympathy that, from her, at least, had ever been his. When, on Mr. Ellett's return on the third day, he stated that Mary had earnestly begged to visit her aunt, who resided a few miles from the city, to be convenient to attend Theodore's nuptials without encroaching on the hospitality of the Claytons, her mother felt the propriety of her arrangement, and hastening to join her daughter, left Theodore and his uncle to finish the few preliminaries consequent upon entering into possession of his fortune.

"It was not thus I used to be welcomed home," he ejaculated between his teeth, as his aunt waved her adieu, while lonely he wandered through the old haunts where he and Mary had sported, as careless of the future as happy in the present, and all too late he *felt* he had been too precipitate.

Hastening back to the city barely in time to make the bridal purchases, he carried the conviction pressing on his heart, that no cup presses our lip undashed by the bitter that is man's allotted doom.

The guests were gathered in the handsome mansion occupied by Mr. Clayton, and every eye was strained to behold the beautiful *bride* and not less strikingly handsome groom, who entered attended by a train of superbly dressed bridesmaids and men. All that wealth and fashion could do to embellish the charms of Isabella had been done, and as she proudly stood arrayed in her bridal robes, a lovelier woman could not have been seen among the daughters of earth. Why, then, do the eyes of her chosen wander, and why does his gaze settle on the cold, white tranquil brow of the fair girl who stands beside his magnificent bride! Her cheek is as white as, and transparent as the chiseled marble, and no mark or sign of recognition on that calm brow, save a slight compression of the ruby lip and a rather deep shading of the silken lashes over the downcast eye, could have told to one who *knew* that Mary Ellett had ever before beheld the bridegroom of Isabella Clayton. And when, after the ceremony, the cousin came with quivering and hot lips to press the colorless cheek for one short instant only, the dark violet eyes were raised to his—and then she turned calmly away and mingled in the crowd. The bridal was over, and the *happy* pair were whirled off in their new and splendid equipage. Mrs. Ellett and Mary had made their parting adieux, and entered the plain coach to return to their peaceful home.

"Mary," said Mrs. Ellett, in the soft, compassionate voice of love—a *mother's love*.

"Mother!" and Mary was sobbing on her mother's bosom and folded close to her heart. For several minutes she gave free vent to her feelings, and then raising her eyes, like violets bathed with dew, she kissed her mother, and whispered—"Forgive me this once, mother, and you shall never see me shed another tear for *him*. Henceforth I shall be firm."

Vexed as Mrs. Ellett felt at Theodore's conduct, still she could not but feel alarmed for his happiness when she, with the keen-sightedness of a mother, marked his wandering gaze and fluctuating cheek, and mournful were the feelings with which she pressed the hand of her daughter; but she was assured her well-regulated mind would teach her to triumph over this first wound inflicted on her heart, while, perhaps, Theodore's more feeble spirit would suffer in the conflict—for she had also marked the proud glance of the mortified bride and the lightning glance with which she regarded Theodore as he approached Mary; and too truly she fancied that it had proved gall and wormwood to the haughty temper of the undisciplined child of prosperity.

Years vanished and time had done his work. Mary Ellett had glided into mature and graceful womanhood. Mr. Ellett had been gathered to his fathers, leaving a virtuous fame to console his friends, and the poignant sorrow of his good wife had softened into that tender regret we feel for the good who are gone. Mary had supplied her father's place as well as a daughter might, and their small but well-managed estate permitted them to live in ease and comfort. Mary had learned to see time aright; and time, in return, had made her happy. True, vague reports came that Theodore Morton was a ruined gambler in Paris—for the cities of the Union had been too narrow a sphere for his spoilt and beautiful wife, who was only happy when surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, and he had lived for years abroad—but such stories wanted confirmation, and Theodore remained obstinately silent. At length a city paper came, and as Mary read the announcement of Isabella Morton's death, a strange thrill passed through her nerves that awoke her to a more intense anxiety for the fate of her childhood's companion. Still he came not, and his name rarely passed her lips.

One evening Mary had been visiting a neighbor's sick children. Among them was a little orphan whose mother was just dead, and as it rested its soft pale cheek on Mary's bosom, an indefinable emotion awoke in her heart. "I shall never be a mother," was her involuntary thought, and the tears fell from her eyes on the pale brow of the little babe.

Holy nature, thou art strong in woman!

The emotions this little incident had called up had rendered her passive, and as she slowly walked home, twilight had gathered over the woodland through which lay her path. Suddenly a stranger enveloped in a cloak emerged from a clump of trees, and placing a child of a year old in her arms, as suddenly disappeared. Frightened and breathless, she ran to the house, and abruptly entering the sitting-room, where lights were already placed, dropped the child on Mrs Ellett's lap. The cloak fell back from its face and there smiled the softened image of Theodore, just as he had looked twenty-five years before, when first Mrs. Ellett clasped her sister's little orphan to her heart. The same large hazel eyes, luminous with their own light, the same flowing brown curls and white brow, but softened into feminine beauty.

Again a restless light beamed in Mary's eye. Month after month rolled over, and no letter, no token came from Theodore. Mary's figure grew lighter in its proportions, her cheek more etherealized in its transparent purity, and sometimes when the fringes were too suddenly withdrawn, her dark eyes were humid and heavy. The little Theodosia had grown too dear to both.

Another month and a sealed packet with a foreign post-mark came to the anxious Mrs. Ellett. It ran thus:—"Think not, best beloved friends of my soul, that forgetfulness or estrangement caused me thus long to remain silent. Oh, no; when I felt most anguish, I was fettered and might not complain. Suffice it, I was not a happy husband, and she who is gone could only receive happiness in that which was to me a living death, and I felt compelled to yield to her whatever could gratify her even at the expense of my country. Two years since I became the father of a little girl, but, strange to say, that which yielded such exquisite and yet mournful pleasure, was only a source of annoyance to my wife, who, after her seclusion from society, rushed with brightened zest into the dissipations of this most dissipated city, and neglecting a cold caught after her confinement, was taken ill and died. The day previous to her death, she caused the nurse of our child to come to her apartment, and sending every one else away, was alone with her an hour. The next morning nurse and child had disappeared, and from that hour no tidings have reached me of either, though I exhausted all methods that ingenuity could invent and have traversed half Europe. To-morrow I set out on my journey to the United States. Will my beloved aunt, will Mary receive the poor prodigal, and permit him to die at home? Home—blessed word!"

A week went by, and Mrs. Ellett smiled quietly to see how anxiously Mary arranged the little Theodosia in her most becoming finery, and how familiarly the little cherub talked of her papa. A fine, quiet autumn evening, and Mary, almost sick with "hope deferred," strolled down the old wood-path in the opposite direction from the approach, and there, at the spring, by an old root, sat Theodore.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"

"Sure, it is begging I am," was the reply.

"You did not utter a word."

"No! Is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers? and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"

☞ In whose house should we naturally look for everything loveable and sweet, but yet find everything but those gentle qualities? The court house, to be sure.

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☞ JOHN T. BLAIN, of Columbus, Ohio, is no longer agent for this paper.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Old Winter has given us a "let up" for the last few days, ushering in the New Year so blandly as Spring! On Monday so mild was the air, and so lustrous the sky, that people came out in crowds along Chesnut street, and the planet Venus could be distinctly seen at noon-day. The thoroughfares were alive with pedestrians. The rich and happy, in gay attire, went laughingly by; while the poor, who had shivered in their damp cellars, crept out from under ground, and looked up with tears of thankfulness to the genial sky.

In the political world, however, there is just now a black cloud, which some think, "big with portents," and ominous of war. Our Washington Letter gives an account of the debate in the House in reference to Oregon, from which it will be seen that a majority of that body, headed by John Quincy Adams, is apparently in favor of the whole of Oregon or none. The discovery of this fact has created quite a sensation in our cities. Our monied men were beginning, after Mr. Calhoun's speech, to grow quiet and composed about the war question, when suddenly the remarks of Mr. Adams came, like the dash of a hail-storm, and froze up their sensibilities. A partial panic has been the result. This is the more strange, since even Mr. Adams, himself, does not consider a war probable. The subject, however, has been considered so engrossing, that little else has been thought or spoken of during the past week.

Once for all we will speak our sentiments on this subject; and as those of an independent and responsible press they may possibly be more relied on than the hap-hazard assertions of ignorant letter writers, or the intentional misrepresentations of factious newspapers, writing for political capital. In a word, then, *there is no fear of war*. We say this on a review of all the circumstances. The utmost that the giving notice to England to terminate the joint occupancy can effect, will be a compromise, or settlement of the question by indemnities, before the year is up.

The debate in the House does not surprise us. We have been expecting all along that when this Oregon question came up, a good deal of the surplus steam in the House would be let off, and more warlike speeches made in a week than the nation would care to digest in a twelvemonth. It is very evident that neither party is willing to be outdone by the other in bluster and buckram patriotism. If the Democrats talk big, the Whigs brag as high: neither side wishes their constituents to think them wanting to the national honor. Nor is either party disposed to get the reputation of a "British" party, by opposing a war now. When, however, the *crisis* comes, enough of both parties will be found willing to avert, by their votes, so dreadful a calamity. A compromise will then be very quickly arranged.

In the meantime any measures taken, by either House, to place the country in a better state of defence should give no alarm. Our fortifications, generally, are in a most deplorable condition. For an instance we may take those of the harbor of Philadelphia, which are so inefficient that an enemy, by means of steamers, might reach this city in twenty-four hours. Besides, though war is improbable, it is not yet impossible. England might refuse to take the 49th degree, or contingencies, as yet unseen, might arise. Under these circumstances, necessary measures of defence, which have been too long postponed, ought to be adopted.

Besides, the northern Whigs are not unwilling to involve the country in extensive appropriations for national defence, in order, by these means, to maintain the tariff, and avert from themselves, as we said before, the charge of being friends of England. On the other hand, the Southern members, who hitherto have said so much in favor of a war, when such a crisis shall be rendered probable by the action of the north, will strive for peace in order to preserve their cotton interest. The remarks of Mr Douglass on the one side, and of Mr. Rhett on the other, made during the late debate, bear us out in these assertions. In fact the present agitations on the Oregon question are nothing more than the skilful moves of opposite parties to check-mate each other in the game of popularity. Neither party cares to be thought averse to a war: yet neither wishes to assume the responsibility of one.

We have written thus plainly, because it is time somebody spoke out. We have no idea of seeing the country frightened by the bluster of a few party journals, or the warlike tone of members seeking popularity. The good sense of the nation we know to be in favor of peace—the administration and the Senate are also opposed to war; and however near we may swing to an open declaration of hostilities, there is, in the right quarter, a sheet anchor, which will bring us up before we strike. Having thus disburdened our minds on this question, we shall not return to it again unless some new phase of affairs develops itself.

THE PITTSBURG FUND.

All who contributed to the Pittsburg Fund will naturally wish to know how it has been applied. Last week the final report of the Committee of Distribution was made to the Pittsburg City Councils. The report says that $161,247 37 has been received from the Treasurer of the Relief Fund—that 1,310 claims for losses by the fire had been adjudged—that checks had been issued to the amount of $160,617—leaving a balance of $630 37 in Bank. The Treasurer has on hand about $9,340 00—and recommends the distribution thereof. The balance of $20,000 from the State has not been received. Accompanying the report was a list of the names of those who had received of the Fund. The Committee also recommend—First, that George Darsie, Esq., be authorized to draw the balance of $20,000, still remaining in the hands of the State Treasurer, of State gratuity. Second, that all those whose losses by the fire of the 10th of April, shall be less than $2,000, shall receive such additional aid as will make up 20 per cent. upon such losses. Third, that all whose losses range between $2,000 and $3,500, shall receive $100 in addition to the assistance already afforded them from the relief fund. Fourth, that all whose losses exceed the sum of $3,500 shall receive $150 as above. Fifth, that the Treasurer of the Relief Fund be authorized to sell all the uncurrent money in his possession, and deposit such funds as he may have on hand in one or more banks of that city. Sixth, that a committee of five gentlemen be appointed to examine the vouchers and audit the Treasurer and the Committee on distribution. The recommendations of the Committee were concurred in.

JERSEY AWAKING.

Our gallant neighbor is bestirring herself in a manner to put Pennsylvania enterprise to the shame. At the next Legislature applications for charters will be made for several large manufactories. A Cotton Factory charter will be applied for from May's Landing, Atlantic county, with a capital of $150,000. A great Iron Manufacturing Company is applied for from Camden, and application will also be made to incorporate a company for the manufacture of Conn's Patent Clocks, with a capital of $100,000, to be located at Belleville. Another application will be made from Jersey City for a charter for the American Pottery Company, with a capital of $500,000 but with privileges to commence business when $50,000 is paid in, for the sale, on commission, of American manufactures and the materials of which they are composed.

CRIME AT NAUVOO.

The New York Tribune makes some very serious charges against the Mormons at Nauvoo [illegible] ... for 75, 50 and 20 cents for the dollar. That for which the highest price was asked, is said to be so perfect as to escape the most rigid scrutiny of the eye—the outer coat being of pure silver, and the alloy so completely covered, as to prevent detection in any other way than by cutting. Twelve bills of indictment have been found by the Grand Jury of the United States, embracing against different persons in the counterfeiting some of the "Holy" Twelve ... coin.

Vague charges are also made by the Sangamo Journal against the Mormons for assassinating persons supposed to be their enemies. The victims, it is said, are seized by men deputed for the purpose, a leather strap placed around the neck, so that if the least resistance is made, they are choked; and in this condition they are taken off to a skiff, carried to the middle of the river, their bowels ripped open, and their bodies sunk. This is what is termed making "catfish bait" of their enemies. It is said that quite a number of persons were disposed of in this manner.

It is also said that the business of stealing is reduced to a regular system; that there are three parties concerned in the matter—one of which ascertains the names and locations of persons in want—another is directed to procure provisions, which, when procured, are to be deposited in a certain place—and a third party deals out the provisions to the destitute. So that, unless the goods are found in the hands of those who first take them, the true thieves are not likely to be discovered.

Gov. Ford refused to lend the military force, to assist in arresting the parties against whom the indictment had been found; consequently the officer had to depart alone to Nauvoo, but it was not supposed that he would be able to secure his prisoners. The Sangamo Journal says that the people in its vicinity are quite indignant. We have no doubt that Nauvoo is a nest of rascality, for bad men would naturally resort there, but whether the Mormons, as a body, are rogues, remains yet to be proved.

WONDERFUL STYPTIC.

The editor of the "Courrier des Etats Unis," who has just returned from Paris, relates some curious and even wonderful cures which he saw performed by the *Bocchieri Water*, a new styptic invented by a Neapolitan chemist by the name of Bocchieri. Every one knows the comparative inability of surgery to arrest sudden hemorrhages, especially of the arteries—injuries which are so rapid in their consequences that the patient is often dying before the usual remedies can be applied. Mr. Bocchieri has obviated this difficulty. In the experiment which M. Gaillardet, the editor of the "Courrier," witnessed, two operators divided the carotid artery of two sheep. The one was immediately put into the hands of surgeons to be treated according to the best methods known to science—the other was treated with the *Bocchieri water*. The animal treated *secundem artem*, or scientifically, died of the hemorrhage—the other, dressed with this marvellous water, was *running about and eating twenty minutes afterwards!* This caused the famous *Lisfranc* to exclaim, "Gentlemen here is a result which may be summed up in two words—here is death and there is life."

When the lint which had been steeped in this water was removed, the wound was found perfectly dry and free from any tinge of blood. The doctors struck with this, caused the animal to be killed, and on dissecting to the artery it was found that there was no scar, but an actual production of the vessel, thus seeming to prove that by its action on the *fibrine* of the blood, it produced a new organization of the tissue.

Mr. Blost has ascertained that in the different slaughter houses of Paris, in the course of one year, 1145 cases of severe cuts sustained by the butcher boys, had been cured by this water in an average of twenty minutes each.

Other extraordinary cures have been effected by it, especially in checking spitting of blood, which is now under the control of the physicians—and external wounds may be cured by it, almost with the watch in hand.

M. Gaillardet adds, that the experiments he witnessed were made at the instigation of the commander of the Cavalry in Paris, with a view to the introduction of this remedy into the military hospitals.

CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

An effort is being made to raise funds for a monument to this devoted officer. It will be recollected that he entered the British lines, during the Revolutionary war, in order to obtain important intelligence. The mission could not be confided to meaner hands; and Hale, at the solicitation of Washington, undertook the perilous duty, though against his wishes. He was discovered, and hung as a spy, without even the form of a trial. Andre, who met his death under similar circumstances, has received the highest honors which Great Britain bestows on her dead, his remains being transferred to England at the public expense, and buried with those of heroes, sages and poets, in Westminster Abbey. Our country has done nothing for her Andre. The bones of Hale lies dishonored and unknown. It is now proposed to remove this blot from our escutcheon. The monument will be of Quincy granite, to cost two thousand five hundred dollars. One half of this sum is in the hands of a committee; and an appeal is made to citizens for contributions for the remainder. Any sum intended to promote the object, may be addressed to John W. Boynton, Esq., South Coventry, Connecticut, that gentleman being the Secretary of the Society for erecting the monument.

SUFFERINGS OF GERMANS.

Owing to the severity of the winter, the poorer German emigrants on the Mississippi have suffered considerably. At Cairo there are some two thousand of them congregated—unfortunate strangers who have been left there from snagged boats and from the impossibility of ascending on account of the ice—and not only have they suffered incredible from the want of food and shelter, but a dysentery of a malignant type has broken out among them, carrying off great numbers. The Memphis Eagle states that on the 15th ult., a Captain O'Hare, the commander of the steamboat Independence, put ashore on one of the islands of the Mississippi, about a hundred passengers, chiefly German immigrants, giving as a reason for so doing that the water on the bar at that point was too shallow to permit his boat to pass. When landed, he proceeded on his way, and deserted them, with the knowledge that they would have no shelter during an inclement night, without food, and without any covering but the clothes they had on. Seven of the sufferers were taken on board of the steamboat Empress the next morning, the rest having wandered off in search of food and shelter. Really such cruelty as that of Captain O'Hare is more than inhuman.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Oliver Smith, of Hatfield, Mass., lately deceased, has left nearly half a million of dollars to charitable purposes. $200,000 is given to Northampton for the establishment of an agricultural school, but not to go into operation until the above named sum is doubled. $350,000 is given to eight towns, viz—Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, Hatfield, Williamsburg, Deerfield, Greenfield and Whately, as a permanent fund for the benefit of orphan children and children of the poorer classes. The fund is to be managed by trustees. Another large and rather novel bequest is made to the same number of towns, and probably the same towns, to be paid to each young and worthy man or woman within the same, upon the event of his or her marriage. $10,000 is to go to the Colonization Society.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Some time since, we stated that the whale ship, Minerva Smythe, had touched at Fayal and reported the loss of a boat, containing the first officer, and five men, taken down by a sperm whale. A St. John, N. B., paper now informs us, that the barque Quebec, just arrived at that port, had picked up, on the 11th of November, the identical boat and her crew, lost from the Minerva Smyth. The men are all alive and well.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

In accordance with the recommendation of Gov. Graham, of N. C., the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, which was sold at Public auction on the 29th ult., was bought by the State for $363,000. This railroad cost a million and a half of dollars.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

One of the most terrible disasters we have had to record for a long time, occurred to the boat of the steamer Belle Zane, on the Mississippi [illegible] ... a number of the passengers, and so suddenly were their cabins and so great their danger that some of them were only able to snatch a blanket or counterpane from their beds, and had no time to save much but part of their clothing.

The Diamond came along a short time after the accident, and discovered the wreck of the Belle Zane bottom up. The officers of the former boat picked up sixteen of the passengers of the latter at two different points on the Arkansas side. The unfortunates, after suffering incredibly from the cold, were finally landed at Napoleon, where the balance of those saved on the Arkansas side had previously assembled. It seems that immediately after the accident the cabin separated from the hull, on which those who were saved floated. The names of those lost could not be ascertained further than that of Mr. Bowen, lady and child, of Zanesville. There were five ladies on board, all of whom were fortunately saved except Mrs. B.

The United States mail, from Louisville, Memphis, and mouth of the Ohio River, were on board, and all, together with the boat and fixtures, was a total loss.

BORDENTOWN LYCEUM.

We are pleased to learn that a lyceum has been established at Bordentown, N. J., with every prospect of success, and that a course of lectures is to be delivered before it during the present winter. Such institutions, which not only promote intelligence and science, but advance the cause of morals by supplying a source of harmless amusement to the young, should be encouraged everywhere. On Wednesday evening of last week, EZRA HOLDEN, Esq., pronounced an eloquent lecture before a large and attentive audience in the Lyceum Hall, his subject being, "The Political, Domestic, and Social Duties of American Citizens." The Bordentown Palladium says:—"He urged upon the attention of the young men and young ladies of this day the importance of elevating the social and moral standard, by cultivating the amenities of life and improving the facilities for disseminating information among the masses; and upon the attention of voters, the necessity of casting aside party influences and discharging their political duties as men and American citizens."

CASE OF POISONING.

The Goshen, (N. Y.) Republican, narrates a case of poisoning that lately occurred in that vicinity, in the family of Mr. Jos. Watkins, of Hamptonburgh. Mr. Watkins and his son had breakfasted early, and started for Goshen to meet the cars. The remainder of the family, with two pedlars, breakfasted afterward. One of the pedlars drank no coffee, although he had previously declared his liking for it. Upon being pressed to drink he said it was too strong—Mrs. Watkins offered to weaken it, but he still declined to drink it. Immediately after breakfast, all but he were taken sick, and exhibited every symptom of having been poisoned. Dr. Wright detected arsenic or corrosive sublimate in the coffee; and there seems to be no doubt that one pedlar poisoned the coffee probably to possess himself of the property of the other. An examination was had before Justices Webb and Watkins, and Watkins, and the prisoner was discharged. The family are now doing well, although not wholly recovered.

U. S. BANK.

A meeting of the stockholders of this institution was held on Monday, the 5th inst., in this city, when the President offered a report in which the following financial statement is the only point of general interest.

January 1, 1846.

Circulation of Bank U. S. Notes, from State of Bank this day,			$3,413,501 90
Do. do. Post Notes, do. do.			350,703 96
Individual depositors and Certificates of Deposit,			399 546 40
Bank balances,			181,120 82
			$4,344,869 10
Bank U. S. Notes on hand,	1st	297,343	
Do. do. do.	2d	1,051,793	
Do. do. do.	3d	1,495,145	
			2,804,281 00
			1,500,088 00

The report was accepted, and the meeting adjourned to the 1st Monday in March.

THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

We have received the first number of a handsome weekly journal, to be published every Saturday, at Baltimore, Md., by Taylor, Wilde & Co. It is to be edited by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., assisted by W. S. THOMPSON, late of the Augusta Mirror. Mr. Benjamin is regarded everywhere as one of the ablest writers of America. Mr. Thompson is best known as the anonymous author of "Major Jones' Courtship." The number of the "Western Continent" now before us, is elegantly printed, and filled with valuable matter. The publishers say, in their prospectus, that their journal will be devoted especially to Western and Southern interests. We cordially wish the "Continent" success.

CHEROKEE NATION.

We have news from the Cherokee Nation to the 13th ult. The presence of the United States troops had in a measure restored order. The murderers of Star and Rider, on the mountain near Evansville, Arkansas, had not dispersed. Companies D and G, of the U. S. Dragoons, arrived at Fort Gibson from Fort Ouachita, on the 4th, under command of Captain Steen, and proceeded to Evansville, the scene of the Indian disturbances, where they now are. Col. McKissick has called upon Gen. Arbuckle, requesting that a company of dragoons be sent to Beatty's Prairie. Some of the Cherokees who were encamped below Fort Smith, were, at last accounts, returning to the Nation.

FAMINE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We have, before this, alluded to the famine in South Carolina. Every mail from that quarter, brings us further intelligence of the suffering inhabitants. From one district alone—that of Spartansburg—upwards of two thousand persons have fled from the destitution which awaited them, to seek in the west, some means of support. The condition of those who remain, may be conceived, when it is known, that in the whole district not more than one-sixth of the usual provision has been made, while in many neighborhoods there are entire fields which have produced scarcely a single ear of corn.

PROGRESS OF CITIES.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the relative progress in population of the four great cities on our eastern seaboard during the present century. The following table may be relied on for accuracy:

Boston from	1800 to 1820	increased	72	per cent.
do.	1820 to 1840	do.	116	do.
New York	1800 to 1820	do.	105	do.
do.	1820 to 1840	do.	154	do.
Philadelphia	1800 to 1820	do.	54	do.
do.	1820 to 1840	do.	140	do.
Baltimore	1800 to 1820	do.	140	do.
do.	1820 to 1840	do.	120	do.

A LEGAL TAX.

The Supreme Court, on Tuesday, decided the question whether the State of New York had the constitutional power to impose a tax on passengers arriving at its ports. The Court held that the State had the power, as a municipal regulation guarding against the expense of supporting paupers. The reasoning was, that the State had a right to guard itself against the expense of the pauper immigrants; and that if, instead of giving security to protect the State from that expense, ship owners preferred to commute and pay a certain sum down, that did not render the commutation money illegal.

PUNISH HIM.

A most brutal act was lately perpetrated at Millington, Me. It seems a schoolmaster in that place, because a boy was unable to master his lesson, detained him after the school, and beat him most cruelly with the yellow pine slats which he wrenched from the windows. The boy fainted three times under the beatings, and upon his way home had to crawl a portion of the way upon his hands and knees. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the brute, but he escaped. If caught, he ought to receive the utmost penalty of the law.

THE PILGRIM'S DAY.

The Pilgrim's Day was celebrated at St. Louis, on the 22d ult. Rev. Wm. Howe being orator. Some two hundred Yankees dined together.

FROM HAYTI.

On New Year's day [illegible] ... Charleston, in company [illegible] ... the place to leave the Mayor.

FROM MEXICO.

Letters from Havana, received at New Orleans, confirm the rumors from Vera Cruz, to the purport that Gen. Paredes had pronounced against the existing Government, and was marching against the city of Mexico at the head of 6,000 or 10,000 troops. Passengers from Havana also represented that such news was received at Havana by last steamer from Vera Cruz.

MINISTER FROM MEXICO.

The N. O. Picayune of the 25th ult. says that letters have been received in that city from Mexico, stating that a minister from the government of that country has proceeded on to Washington, with instructions to settle on a boundary line between Mexico and the State of Texas, and such an one as will give full satisfaction to our Government.

A FOOL.

The other day, at Pittsburg, to decide a trifling wager, a man crossed the new suspension bridge upon the timbers, which are placed six feet apart spanning the bridge, so that he had to make his way by successive leaps from one piece of timber to another. A single misstep might have given him a fall of thirty or forty feet into the water below.

A PIRATE.

A sloop under British colors, lately put into the port of Carthagena, supposed to be a pirate. She was commanded by an Indian, who had exchanged frank dollars, seven of which he gave for a doubloon, and was reported to have $15,000. Before matters could be investigated by the authorities at Carthagena, she left the port.

YIELD THE ROAD.

We see that at Rochester, N. Y., a suit has been recently tried, in which a verdict of $15 and $5 costs was rendered against a man for not yielding the highway to another traveller who desired to pass him. Instead of yielding a portion of the road, the defendant drew his conveyance so as to obstruct the plaintiff.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

Quite a large sleighing party was lately got up at the village of Paper Mill, N. H. One hundred and forty-nine, all told, took part in the sleigh-ride, and the hot supper and dancing which came afterwards. It appears from the Advocate, published at the village, that old and young alike took part in the sport.

FINALLY SUCCEEDED.

After three trials, Messrs. Colt & Robinson have succeeded in laying a pipe containing their telegraph wires, across the East river, on the route of the Fulton Ferries between New York and Brooklyn. The project was generally thought chimerical.

THE PORK TRADE.

It is estimated that 1,300,000 hogs will be slaughtered, West of the Alleghany Mountains, this season. The number, last year was about 840,000. It is thought that Cincinnati alone will slaughter 280,000.

FROM TEXAS.

The last news from Texas renders the election of Gen. Samuel Houston, as U. S. Senator, certain.

Our City Lectures.

MR. CHANDLER'S LECTURE.

The lecture before the Mercantile Library Company, on Tuesday evening, was delivered by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., and was an elegant production and admirably delivered. His subject was "The Dignity of Man." For the following report we are, in part, indebted to two of our cotemporaries.

The lecturer laid down as an axiom applicable to the subject that the true dignity of man's nature lies in his capability of improvement, and the true dignity of his character in his availing himself of that advantage. The speaker did not attempt to present the loftiest features of the human character, or to follow the prophetic aspirations of those who becoming "little less than angels would be more," but professed his intention to confine his inquiries to a few of the efforts of man that seem to spring from a dignified mind—measuring dignity by usefulness. He spoke rather skeptically of some of the traits which caused the apotheosis of the heroes or man-gods in the olden time; and in allusion to them suggested the doubt whether the great, though seeing and almost intending the right, were not forced off the track. Our nature assumed the form of the "centaur, and the beast had carried off the man."

Passing over the acts of great men as not affording the evidences of human dignity, because they will not stand the test,—nothing being dignified that is not good, and nothing good that is not useful, he found the true dignity of man in a few of the efforts, which though often humbly conceived and silently executed, have worked out the benefit of our race. In this part of the lecture the infamously great who spite on the happiness of man with a mighty grasp to drag it down to misery, were put on their true "bad eminence." A beautiful picture of the dignity of man in Eden formed a pleasing portion of the address with an eloquent reference to what man might have been, the world "one vast Eden, but for the Fall." This portion of the lecture was truly beautiful, and delivered with a gracefulness of elocution, which, successfully as our cotemporary has labored in his present calling, showed the audience that he would not have mistaken his vocation, had he chosen one which would have made oratory the rule and not the exception of his public life.

He next reviewed the past, noticing the advances which had been almost constantly in progress, although each era in early times seemed to have its seed time of human intellect, whose harvest, cut off by physical convulsions and moral revolutions, was scarcely sufficient to supply the demand for succeeding culture. Referring to the Egyptians, he spoke of that mighty people as having left wonderful but useless monuments, barren testimonies to her greatness, while the true dignity of her position would have been shown, had she perpetuated the means by which she wrought those wonders.

In embalming their deceased friends, the Egyptians put a stamp of immortality upon this mortal, useless part of man, but overlooked the duty of handing down the discoveries of the immortal mind. The old lost art embalmed the dead, but in the progress of the human intellect, the mind sprang to a new invention, an art which embalmed all other arts, and sent them down to posterity rich and profitable with the bitumen of science, redolent with the spices, the myrrh and the frankincense of genius.

The lecturer next proceeded to notice the progressive march of genius as one of the evidences of the dignity of man. Man's spirit, soaring upward, stayed to acquire of the cloud a knowledge of the now harmless lightning. The eulogy which of course belonged to this part of the address upon Franklin, agreeably disappointed the auditory with its freshness and interest upon so trite a subject. The notice of the electric telegraph, "putting a hook in the nose of Leviathan," was very happy. The rapidity of thought scarcely excels the progress of this agent, and "panting time toils after it in vain."

But we have not space to glance at a tithe of the interesting topics of this lecture, and can barely refer to a few of those with which the attention of the audience was enchained for an hour and a quarter. The dignity of human nature was shown in his present systematic benevolence as a duty, instead of being, as of old, lavishly bestowed in injudicious manner guided by impulse. In this connexion he spoke in deservedly high terms of our system of common schools. He alluded to Howard and Fry, and Dorothea Dix, and other humane visitors of the sick, insane and imprisoned. These instances he brought forward as showing the true dignity of human nature.

After a graceful parallel between the hidden springs in the veriest desert, and the depths of the vilest heart, in which the traces of virtue may be found, he passed to a discriminating notice of the true dignity of human nature in the character of women, who he said was always in advance of the rank assigned her, and who in this age and country came nearer her true position than in any other. In this connexion he related two pleasant anecdotes from the records of Plymouth colony, which were a most grateful relief to the train of serious and dignified thought and truth which pervaded the whole performance.

[illegible] ... I will vote an increase of army or navy, no fort or stockade ... [illegible]

CALHOUN AND ADAMS.

As the Oregon difficulty now occupies so much of the public attention, we are induced to give our readers the late speeches of John C. Calhoun in the Senate, and of John Quincy Adams in the House. Mr. Calhoun, as stated by our letter writer, last week, takes ground in favor of the 49th degree; Mr. Adams is in favor of the whole of Oregon or none.

The remarks of Mr. Calhoun were brought forth by a series of resolutions, offered by Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, declaring that our claim to Oregon extended to the 54th degree, and that an abandonment of any portion of this claim would be derogatory to the national honor. Mr. Calhoun rose and said—

"He did not rise to oppose the motion, but to make a request that it be withdrawn for a few moments, to enable him to make some brief remarks previously to submitting an amendment. He was, although he could not give his support to the resolutions, much gratified that they emanated from the Senator from Indiana. Whatever were his objections to them, they had, the merit of being direct, open, and manly. They denied, in direct terms, the authority of this government to make a treaty with regard to the Oregon Territory, and denounced, as he understood, by implication, the proposition already made by our government to settle by the 49th degree of latitude. If the Senate should support the resolutions, it was clear that the question could only be settled by force; and that no peace, should war result, could ever take place between the two countries, but by our dictation, and at the cannon's mouth.

"The vote on those resolutions would draw a broad line, which could not be misunderstood between those who were in favor of a settlement of this question by an appeal to arms, and those who were favorable to a more pacific course. He was in favor of a pacific course—if possible, by negotiation; and under this impression he had prepared a series of resolutions, asserting opposite principles from those of the Senator from Indiana, which he proposed to move as amendments, and which he had printed for the use of the Senate. He took the occasion to avow the course which he should pursue. He was for peace, if it could be honorably preserved. He was in favor of adjustment by negotiation, if it could be settled by negotiation. If it could not be adjusted by negotiation, he was in favor of such a course as shall throw the onus of war from our shoulders to those of Great Britain. He approved of the course of the administration in offering to adjust the question on the parallel of forty-nine degrees, under all the circumstances; and it should be his wish to co-operate with the Executive on this question, as he believed the Executive's desire to be for peace, if peace can be honorably preserved.

"If peace cannot be honorably preserved, and if we are to have war, he would never be found antagonistic to our country. Even if an improper course should produce war, when a different one would preserve peace, still he would take part with his country. The war would be one of no ordinary character; and while he gave every support to it, he would hold those responsible who rashly rushed us into it. He hoped, whatever opinions may have been heretofore entertained, that the question would be discussed in the calmest manner, when fully understood. If war could be averted, it should be done, but if war should ensue, he trusted we should be united as one man.

"He was no greater advocate for the acquisition of territory in the South than in the North. The Honorable Senator was perfectly aware of his sentiments upon this subject. Whilst he was a member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet he had always been averse to disturb the possession of Spain in Cuba; he was so now; he would be the last man to make such a movement. When the proper time should arrive, and this subject be brought up for discussion, he thought he would be able to show, beyond all doubt, that the means which governed him upon the Texas question, governed him also upon this question; and that if there were any difference between the Senator and himself, it was only as to the means to be employed in effecting the same result."

Mr. Calhoun concluded by offering an amendment to the effect that the President, in agreeing to take the 49th degree for a boundary, did not abandon the national honor. The result of the debate in the Senate was to lay the resolutions of Mr. Hannegan on the table.

In the House, on Friday, a bill was reported by the Committee on Military Affairs, to raise two regiments of riflemen. On the question of reference Mr. John Quincy Adams said, after a few preliminary remarks:—

I do not see any testimonials of the probability of a war at this time; but, if any danger is apprehended by any gentleman here, it appears to me that the very first measure to be taken—that which should precede all military measures of any kind—is to give notice to Great Britain that we mean to terminate the existing joint occupancy of Oregon. That is the first measure to be taken. How can gentlemen apprehend war otherwise? Does Great Britain tell us that she shall take offence at the continuance of the treaty of *joint occupancy*? She does not, though I have heard of some question being made in England whether they shall not give us notice of the termination of the joint occupancy. Yet it is not a joint occupation, and I have been surprised at the language held by some gentlemen on the subject. The treaty acknowledges no occupation of the territory by either party; it is a commercial convention for free navigation, but it does not admit by either party the occupation of one inch of territory by the other. It is no occupation. But, whatever it is, neither party can permanently occupy the country without notice to the other to terminate the convention of commerce and trade, which would not be permitted without such convention. It is not a treaty of joint occupation; it is a treaty for the exercise of navigation rights, commercial rights, and trading rights with the Indians. It precludes the occupation of the country by either party. *Exclusive* occupation cannot be assumed by either without notice. Of all the measures for occupancy and for assuming jurisdiction over citizens of the United States who have gone into Oregon, and are there in actual possession, notice is the first thing. Twelve months after that notice shall have been given the right will accrue to the United States to occupy any part of the territory they may think proper.

In the bill which passed at the last session I myself moved, as a first section to the bill, that such notice should be given. The House did not think proper to agree to it, and passed the bill without any notice. The bill, however, did not pass the Senate, and so the insertion was immaterial. But it is a material fact to me, because I proposed it as constituting the first section of the bill. I declared myself ready then, and I am ready now, to give such notice. [Great sensation.] I hope it will be given, and that we shall do it as the first measure to be taken—to be followed afterwards by a *real occupation of the whole territory*. [Great sensation in the House and an incipient clap, which, however, was promptly arrested by the Speaker, who called loudly to order.] But it is indispensable that we shall first give notice.

The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Douglass) says that it appears to him there is a game playing here—a comedy which is quite incomprehensible to me. I shall not inquire to what the gentleman alluded, but I confess I was very much surprised to hear that the Committee on Foreign Affairs will not report to the House such notice.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. I know of no member of that Committee who has said so.

Mr. Douglass. I said so, because I had heard that such was their determination.

Mr. Adams resumed. I have heard it from various quarters; and, if the report is delayed much longer, I shall believe it. [A laugh.] If it is so, I shall deplore it; I shall deeply regret if a majority of that committee shall not be ready to give that notice. All the other measures must depend on that. While we sit talking here about regiments of riflemen, and regiments of infantry, and stockade forts, and sappers and miners, and pontoniers, Great Britain is arming her steam-vessels, equipping her frigates and line-of-battle ships, and sending troops over here to be ready. *I would press a resolution giving the notice* THIS DAY, if I hoped that a majority of the House would be obtained to effect the measure.

Mr. Wentworth here moved that the rules be suspended to afford an opportunity for such a motion; but the motion was pronounced to be out of order.

Mr. Adams resumed. I feel myself scarcely authorized to hope that I should be successful should I make the motion. But for this I would have moved it on the first day of the session. Because I have so profound a sense of the duty of adhering to treaties, I feel debarred from the least act of hostility, or even from meeting hostility manifested elsewhere, till notice shall have been given. While [illegible] ... I will vote an increase of army or navy, no fort or stockade [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... Frederick the Great [illegible] ... (Much laughter.) That is the military way of doing business. [Renewed merriment.] When the great Frederick came to the throne of Prussia, his father had gathered and equipped for him an army of an hundred thousand men. Meeting, shortly after, the Austrian Minister, the latter said to him: "Your father has given you a great army; but our troops have seen the wolf; yours have not." "Well, well," said Frederick, "I will give them an opportunity to see the wolf." Frederick then added to his memoir: "I had some excellent old pretensions to an Austrian province which some of my ancestors had owned one or two hundred years before, and I sent an ambassador to the Court of Vienna, stating my claim, and presenting a full exposition of my right to the province. The same day my ambassador was received in Vienna I entered Silesia with my army. [A laugh.] So you see that, on the very day his army entered Silesia, he gave notice to the Court of Vienna that the convention for the joint occupation of Silesia was ended. [Loud and prolonged laughter.]

I say, therefore, that I hope the first measure adopted by Congress will be to give in the most solemn manner, the notice to Great Britain which the treaty requires; then the coast will be clear for us to do what we please. It does not, I repeat, it does not follow as a necessary consequence that, because we give this notice, we must take possession, though it is my hope that we shall. It does not necessarily draw after it a war; and if Great Britain chooses to take my notice as an act of hostility on our part, and forthwith commence hostilities on hers, we have been told that we shall all be but one party, and God Almighty grant that it may be so! If it shall be so, the war will have less of those very extraordinary terrors which my friend from South Carolina (Mr. Holmes) has now just discovered, notwithstanding the extreme military preparation which he manifested on this floor last year.

The gentleman was a most valiant man when Texas was in question. But I shall draw no comparisons as to what we witnessed then and what we see now; but this I will say, that I hope, if war shall come—which God forbid, and of which I entertain no fears at all—the whole country will have but one heart and one united hand. And of this I am very sure, that in that case Great Britain will not long occupy Oregon, or any thing else north of the Capada line. [Great sensation, and incipient indications of applause.] But if you will agree to give notice, strong as is my horror of war, and of all military establishments, if there should then be the breath of life in me, I hope I shall be willing to go as far as any in making any sacrifice to render that war successful and glorious. I can say no more. But, till notice is given, I am not prepared to vote any preliminary measure of a military kind. I suppose, however, that we may, without giving notice, extend our laws and our protection to our brethren who have settled at least in that part of Oregon which is not claimed by Great Britain: but there can be no need of increasing our army and our navy in order to do that. I hope that such an act will not be offensive to Great Britain, and that she will not think of going to war about it.

But, if we are going to take actual occupation of the country, then some additional force will be needed to our army, and in that case, however unwilling I have ever been to increase our military establishment, I think I should get over my difficulties, especially if a disposition should be manifested by Great Britain to take offence at the measure I have just mentioned. All our military preparation must depend on notice to Great Britain; we must not have our hands and feet bound; the obligations of joint occupancy must be dissolved, and we left free to act according as the interests of our country may require.

I believe it will not be necessary for me to refer to any other part of this subject. There have been, as I understand, two applications made to this House by fellow-citizens of ours, settled beyond the Rocky Mountains, for the protection of this Government. The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs (Mr. C. J. Ingersoll) presented, as I think, one memorial, while another from a different quarter is also before the Territorial Committee—possibly it is a copy of the same.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. No; they are different memorials, from different persons.

Mr. Adams. I think it is time this House should consider what are our duties to our countrymen there. I confess that I know them very imperfectly. I have of course seen the reports of Lieutenants Wilkes and Fremont; they contain much valuable information; but that sort of information which we now want it was not the object of those expeditions to obtain. I am in favor of protecting these persons as far as we can.

I believe I have now said all that is at present necessary. I have said perhaps more than I should, and certainly more than I intended; I am not able to go further. The most important point I wished to state is, that to give notice should be our first measure. Then let us protect our emigrating citizens, and our own frontier, by stockade forts and such an increase of our military establishments as may be necessary; but I am against all other measures unless that is done first.

Local Intelligence.

☞ This week, officers William Russell and Levin H. Smith, arrived in this city, having in custody an Italian, charged with wilful murder. It appears, that on the 30th of July, 1843, the defendant was boarding at a house kept by Joseph Mazotto, at No. 424 Market street. At this house also boarded two other Italians, named James Grillo and Joseph Casta. Grillo and the defendant quarrelled and were going into the street to have a fight. At the front door Grillo collared the accused and struck him several blows, when the assailant (Grillo,) was stabbed in the groin, of which wound he died the next day. Casta, in attempting to separate the parties, was also stabbed, and in his haste he shut the door and left the prisoner in the street, since which time he had not been seen till brought here by the officers. The accused was arrested in Cincinnati. He has been committed to await a further hearing, which will take place in a few days. The officers deserve much praise for their energy and activity in the arrest of this person. The arrest of this man is another proof that the murderer, though he may escape for awhile, will, sooner or later, be found out.

☞ For nearly two months we have had little or no rioting by the firemen, either in the city proper, or in the suburbs. But on New Year's Day the old feud between the Weccacoe and Moyamensing Hose Companies broke out once more. These two companies, late in the afternoon, came in hostile collision at the corner of Seventh and Shippen streets, and after the usual exhibition of brutality, the Moyamensing captured the carriage of the Weccacoe, and partially demolished it before it could be rescued by the police. If the ringleaders can be identified, let them be caught and severely punished. A few years in the penitentiary will cool the belligerent ardor of these fellows. It is no use to trifle with rioters; give them the lash of the law, and let it be laid on heavily.

☞ The annual meeting of the Schuylkill Navigation Company took place on Monday. The late President, S. W. Roberts, Esq., resigned on account of ill health. The report speaks favorably of the prospects of the Company since the widening of the Canal. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, CHARLES ELLETT, Jr.

MANAGERS.

John Sergeant,	William Ashbridge,
Jacob G. Morris,	John G. Cresson,
Wm. H. Dillingham,	William E. Hacker,
Sam'l W. Lippincott,	Thomas Williamson,
John W. Claghorn,	John R. Worrell,
Thomas Robins,	Charles S. Wood.

Secretary and Treasurer, Claudius Harper.

☞ The Philadelphia Typographical Society celebrated its anniversary on Saturday evening last. The re-union was a most delightful affair. Our friends Godey, Rugo, Holden, and Wallace spoke in reply to complimentary toasts, at the excellent supper, provided for the occasion.

☞ The late heavy rains in this vicinity, have made a freshet in the Schuylkill. Unfortunately, a little girl of about twelve years of age, named Mary Howell, was swept away by the flood, on Friday morning, at Saw Mill Run, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

☞ The private Telegraph which has been for some time in operation between this city and New York, was sold a few days since for $3,000. The original owners of this telegraph made large sums in stocks, as the existence of such a mode of communication, was long kept a secret.

☞ Commodore Charles Stewart assumed the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, on Thursday morning, the 1st inst., and was received with the usual complimentary honors.

☞ Over 10,000 tons of our iron have been sent to New York by canal and railroad during the past year.

The Jenny Concerts.—This exquisite [illegible] ... has met with the city, and will be exhibited again on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week [illegible] ...

☞ At the present time the banks of New York are indebted to the banks of Philadelphia about $800,000. The banks of Boston are indebted about $100,000, and the banks of Baltimore about $80,000.

New York City.

☞ New Year's Day was celebrated with great spirit in New York. Visiting was the order of the day, and the weather being very favorable, the streets were thronged with gentlemen making calls. The absence of females gave a queer appearance to the thoroughfares. The "Vany Guards," a company of fantasticals, turned out, numbering about fifty. The company were dressed in uniforms of curtain materials, had muskets with tin barrels and wooden locks, a bass drum of sheet iron, a band discoursed fantastically, for a target a transparency, with a shin plaster for the bull's eye, carried by a "gentleman of color" dressed in all colors. The commander was "Capt. Broadbuck." Of course the children ran after them in crowds.

☞ The tonnage on the New York State Canals for 1845 was 1,204,943, and the value $45,452,301. The tonnage exceeds that of the preceding year 165,000 tons; the value over $11,330,000. Of the value there were of

Products of the Forest,	$7,759,596
" Agriculture,	9,402,306
Vegetable Food,	17,579,561
Other Agricultural,	630,404
Manufactures,	6,432,269
Other Articles,	3,350,658

☞ The arrivals at the port of New York, from foreign ports during the year were 2,044, bringing in 82,960 passengers. The arrivals of vessels were less in number than in 1844 by 164. The whole number of passengers arrived at New York during the ten years past, is 611,964.

☞ The Israelites in New York, by an unanimous vote, have elected Dr. Lilienthal, Chief Rabbi, for the ensuing year. Dr. L. has but recently arrived in this country from Russia.

☞ On New Year's Day, in New York, no less than six persons were rescued from drowning, by policemen and others, having fallen into the rivers at various docks and wharves.

☞ The chime of eight bells for Trinity Church, New York, have arrived and been landed. The tower will soon be in readiness to receive them.

☞ The jury in the case of Virgil Knapp, indicted for the murder of Sarah Decker, have returned a verdict of not guilty.

General News.

☞ The weather has been very severe in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and many vessels have been lost, some with all their crew. The Quebec Gazette records the loss, at Cape Chat, of two outward bound vessels, one of them supposed to be the barque Montreal, Captain Douglass, which sailed hence on the morning of the 28th of November, with the loss of her crew and passengers. Several of the bodies have been washed on shore, among them a woman and a child. A schooner was also wrecked six miles below the barque, and none of her crew had been seen. William Bayard went ashore December 6th, at Little Matane, and will be a total wreck. Captain Miller states that his men have been dreadfully frost bitten, and one, he fears, will lose his life.

☞ The Indiana Democrat, of the 12th ult., contains an account of a recent tragedy in Decatur, in that State. John Muldoon was anxious to marry a daughter of Mr. N. Fetic, but her parents forbade the union. Muldoon subsequently broke into the house, and being opposed by the young lady's mother, assailed her violently. Young Fetic, hearing the disturbance, rushed into the room, and after repeated efforts to remove Muldoon from the premises without success, shot him through the breast. M. died in a few minutes, and Fetic was arrested.

☞ A type foundry in Cincinnati, occupied by Mr. Wells, was entered some nights since by three burglars, who were proceeding very leisurely in their work of depredation, when Mr. Wells happened to pass by. Thinking all was not right, he procured the key, and having armed himself with a bar of iron, entered the building just in time to meet the burglars coming out. His bar of iron proved so serviceable, that the rogues were driven back, and having locked the door on them until assistance came, they were all arrested.

☞ A London correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that M. Philip, a celebrated juggler, is about to visit the United States, and he gives this account of one of his feats:—"He stands on a table, under which the spectator can see during the performance—takes a common table cloth, which he wraps round him apron-fashion for a moment, and on removing it exhibits globes of gold fish, geese, turkies, ducks and fowls in abundance. No one is near him, and how the feat is performed is just now the wonder of London."

☞ A man whose name is supposed to be James Pollard, was frozen to death near Middleton, in Logan County, Ill., on the 1st ult. He stopped before sundown, at a house to enquire the road, and was at the time considerably intoxicated. About nine o'clock at night the team he had driven returned to the tavern without the driver, and search being instituted, he was found next morning dead in a grove about three miles off. He is supposed to have come from the State of Ohio, and to have been a shoemaker by trade.

☞ The Second Advent Tabernacle, at Akron, Ohio, was badly shattered a few days since, by the explosion of a keg of powder. The pulpit end of the edifice was completely blown down, the north wall protruded out of line, and hanging by the corners, the roof unsettled, and the windows dashed into fragments. The keg had been placed immediately in front of the pulpit, but by whom no one could tell. The Bible, which lay on the pulpit, was unharmed.

☞ The extreme cold weather of the past month, has caused no little suffering among the poor classes at St. Louis, Louisville, and other ports on the rivers. At St. Louis, wood sells at $7 the cord, and scarce at that. At New Orleans, too, there has been a large advance in many necessary articles, prices ranging higher than at any time since 1836; coal $2 per bbl.; wood $7 per cord; pork per bbl., at wholesale, $16; bacon and lard 8 cents; flour $6.

☞ The barque Tobey, of Boston, has been reported as having put into Mozambique, on account of having been damaged by a sword fish. Captain Bates, of the brig Richmond, at Salem, from Mozambique, states that the Tobey was detained in port three weeks, to discharge her cargo and repair damage; and that the leak occasioned by the thrust of the sword fish was at least 1,200 strokes an hour.

☞ The Warsaw (Illinois) Signal says that a woman by the name of Walker, was murdered in Nauvoo, on Sunday week. The murderer fled on the ice across the river, pursued by five or six men, one of whom fired at him, but he escaped. The Signal suspects the cause of the murder to have grown out of spiritual wifery.

☞ The rivers near Detroit have been so fast bound by ice, that the people have deserted the land, and are sleighing, as well as skating, on the smooth surface. Trotting matches, too, have come off, which, on account of their singularity, occasioned, no doubt, a good deal of fun.

☞ A man named Hoover, at Vicksburg, Miss., shot the younger Mr. Mason, of the auction house of Livingston, Mason & Co., in a dispute occasioned by selling him a gold pencil warranted to be 18 carats, which proved only to be 10. Little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

☞ Gov. Francis Thomas, of Maryland, not the one whose wife has just been divorced from him, died at his residence in St. Mary's County, on Christmas day, in the 62d year of his age, of typhoid fever, with which he lingered a long time.

☞ An affray arose in a tavern in Wilmington, (N. C.) a few evenings since, between some blacks and whites who had met to dance, in the course of which a man named Kinsley was so badly beaten with a chair that he died on the following night.

☞ A man named John Bullock has been committed to prison at Salisbury, N. C., for kidnapping a free colored child.

☞ Voltaire's old residence, the chateau of Ferney, has been purchased for $100,000 by M. Grignon, an old Parisian merchant. He [illegible] ...

☞ [illegible] ... charged with the murder of Frederick [illegible] ... about a year ago, was recently tried [illegible] ... and convicted of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to be hung [illegible] ...

☞ [illegible] Langston who was shot by J. M. Wells [illegible] ... since died. Mr. Wells was examined before a magistrate, and admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance for trial before the District Court.

☞ Mr. Wallace, of Madison, Indiana, came to Cincinnati week before last, with a drove of hogs, which he sold, and put the proceeds, ($3,000) in his pocket, which some rogue contrived to abstract on Friday week.

☞ The jewelry store of Henry Cogswell, Salem, Massachusetts, was entered on Tuesday night week by means of false keys, and robbed of about two thousand dollars worth of gold and silver watches, jewelry, &c.

☞ The Montreal Herald says—A day or two ago one of a valuable pair of horses, attempted to lick the other in a playful manner, when the latter seized its tongue and bit it out close to the roots.

☞ The Galena mail stage, in crossing the Illinois river on the ice, at Hennepin, on Saturday 13th ultimo, broke through in twenty feet water. The passengers and mail were not injured.

☞ The Newburyport Oregon Expedition has been made up, and the brig Henry, of 153 tons, has been purchased in Salem. Dr. Watson, of Newburyport, will take passage in her.

☞ There is a great drought prevailing in the neighborhood of Milwaukie, Wisconsin Territory. In one case fifty families had been known to resort to a single well!

☞ An eagle was killed near Montgomery, Ala. lately, which measured eight feet three inches from tip to tip of his wings, and weighed sixty-seven pounds.

☞ A white oak log, 61 feet long, and four feet diameter at the butt, was brought to Rochester a few days since, and sold for $100.

☞ The Magnetic line between Boston and Springfield will be in operation on the 15th inst.

☞ Grouse was recently selling in St. Louis at ten cents a bird.

Letter From Washington.

TUESDAY, 6th Jan. 1846.

The President's house on New Year's Day was thronged as usual. The season was generally observed by all classes of people. Mrs. Madison and John Quincy Adams received numerous calls.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Tibbits, from the Committee on Commerce, reported to the House a bill making appropriations for the repair of certain harbors and rivers. The bill, after some discussion, was referred to a Committee of the Whole. It involves appropriations to nearly the amount of a million and a half of dollars.

In the Senate little or nothing has been done. The Hon. Levi Woodbury has been confirmed as a Judge of the Supreme Court, in place of the late Judge Story. The only item of importance that will interest your readers is the introduction of a bill by Mr. Miles, to establish post-routes from New Orleans to Galveston, and thence to Austin, Bastrop, Corpus Christi, and other places in Texas.

The great topic of the week has been the debate in the House on Oregon. The debate, at the time I write, continues with unabated interest. It began on Friday, on a bill introduced by Mr. Haralson from the Committee on Military Affairs, to provide for the organization of two regiments of riflemen. Mr. H. moved to commit this bill to a Committee of the Whole, and make it the order of the day for Tuesday, the 6th. On this question a debate instantly arose, in which Messrs. Ingersoll, Douglass and Houston spoke, the two former in favor of and the latter opposed to the motion. At last John Quincy Adams took the floor, and after a few preliminary remarks, came out in favor of "the whole of Oregon or none." You can form no conception of the scene that ensued. Several times the speaker was interrupted by applause. He said notice ought to be given to England immediately to terminate the joint occupancy: he declared he would vote for such a notice to-day. At the conclusion of his remarks the House adjourned in great commotion.

On Saturday the debate was continued. Messrs. C. J. Ingersoll, Mr. Haralson, Mr. Darrah, Mr. Preston, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. King, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Baker, of Illinois, being participants. Generally the speakers were in favor of giving the notice. Whigs and Democrats seem united on the subject—or, at least, it would appear that the question has broken up all the old party lines on this subject.

On Monday the House suspended the order of the day, that Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, might report a resolution to give immediate notice to England for the termination of the joint occupancy of Oregon, which he moved to make the order of the day for the second Monday in February. A minority report was also made, declaring that Congress has no right to act in this question, until it was brought before them by the treaty-making power. A motion to amend by referring it to the Committee of the Whole and making it the special order of the day for to-morrow, was carried: the question was then on the motion as amended.

Here Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, took the floor. His speech was an abolition speech throughout. War, he said, would give us Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick: this would restore the balance of power to the North. He, however, was opposed to war, opposed to giving notice, and in favor of a compromise.

Mr. McDowell, of Ohio, followed. He considered we were bound, at the expiration of twelve months to take possession of the whole of Oregon. He doubted the right of the President to transfer it by any treaty, land which was justly ours.

Mr. Rhett, of S. C., said that the only difficulty was as to the question of notice. It was a question of interest—a question of policy—which we are to settle. He opposed giving the notice. The inevitable result, unless negotiation should settle the question in the mean time, will be a war at the expiration of the year. There should be good and sound reasons to justify such a course. In case of war, we could get Oregon only by annihilating the power of Great Britain. He said that, in case of war, the West, from her position, had nothing to lose, while the South and the Atlantic coast had every thing to lose.

Mr. Sims, of Missouri, thought our title as good to the 54th degree, as the 49th. He said we had never succeeded in diplomacy with Great Britain, because she never would consent to reasonable terms. There was no use of being trifled with any longer: it was time to act.

The debate was continued to-day, and Mr. Hilliard spoke at length in favor of the notice. The question was then taken on making the resolution the order of the day, ayes 102, nays 58—not two thirds. So the House went immediately into Committee of the Whole on the resolutions, when Mr. Bowlin took the floor, and is speaking while I write, in favor of the notice.

You will have heard that Dr. White, the messenger from Oregon, has been sent back in a great hurry. He had taken passage in a vessel, but now goes by express through Mexico. R. F.

Casualties.

☞ As the cars were coming into Albany on Tuesday night, the 30th ult., on the Troy and East Albany Rail Road, a man who was walking on the track, was struck so violently by the locomotive that he died in a few minutes. A memorandum dated Stephentown, and signed "William K. Kane," was found in his pocket.

☞ On the 19th ult. Mr. John Hanley was frozen to death near Raisinville, Mich., and on the same night Jared Smith, of La Salle, Mich., was discovered dead from the effects of cold. Hanley was but a short distance from his house when the stupor overpowered him.

☞ Mr. Lemuel Wilson was killed near Sycamore Hill Church, in Norfolk county, Va., on Monday, the 29th ult., by the falling of a log of wood which he was endeavoring to fasten to a wagon, being directly under it at the time it fell, it crushed him to death.

☞ The wall of a building in the burnt district of Pittsburg, fell on the 2nd inst., and crushed to death Mr. Charles L. Vale, a respectable citizen. He was passing on his way home at the time. He has left a wife and dependent family.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$[illegible] if paid in advance.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES M. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.
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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

Godey's Magazine, *for January*, 1846.—All the Philadelphia magazines have come out, this year, more beautiful than ever; and in the race of improvement Godey does not fall behind. The present number is really a superb one. The first plate is a magnificent mezzotint of Tucker, representing a lovely young female caressing a canary bird. This is really one of the finest engravings we have ever seen in Godey. Next follows a likeness of Miss Leslie, most admirably engraved. To this succeeds a view of the ruins of Jamestown, Va.; and a plate of "Mazurka Fashions" completes the array. In its literary contents this number is quite a gem. The Sketch by Miss Leslie, is racy, graphic and life like. "Catharine Seaton," by Angela Hall—a new writer we believe—is a story that will absorb every reader's attention. Mr. P. W. R. Carothers furnishes a tale, which we transfer to our columns this week, and by which therefore our readers can judge for themselves. "Budding and Blossoming," by John Neal, like all his sketches, is odd, but full of talent. Altogether this old and favorite periodical bids fair to be even better than ever for 1846. *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street.*

Engineers' and Mechanics' Companion. 1 vol. *By J. M. Scribner. A. M. New York: Huntington & Savage. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut Street.* 1846. This is one of the best works of the kind we have ever seen. Whatever information the engineer or mechanic may wish to know in his line, will be found here stated in the shortest and clearest manner possible. Among the subjects discussed are the mechanical powers, specific gravities of bodies, hydraulics, hydrostatics, friction, centers of gravity, &c. &c. Several excellent tables are given in the volume, viz:—United States weights and measures, tables of squares and cubes, square and cube roots, &c. &c. There is also some valuable information on the steam engine. Mill-wrights, engineers, and artisans generally, will find this work a valuable aid. The present is a second edition, much enlarged and improved.

The Practical Astronomer. *By Thomas Dick, LL. D. Illustrated with one hundred engravings.* 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1845. Dr. Dick's former treatises are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this. We have found it an extremely interesting, valuable, and useful book. It is a treatise on the properties of light; and the author, in his usual clear style and pleasant manner, discusses the general qualities of light, its refraction, its colors, &c. The volume contains a particular account of Lord Rosse's mammoth telescope, and a description of the various astronomical instruments now in use. The title of the book, indeed, gives an excellent idea of its scope and character: it is one of the most useful volumes, for practical use, extant.

The Holy Bible, with Scott's Commentary. *Campbell's Quarto Edition. To be completed in about fifty numbers—Price 25 cents each.* The publication of this handsome edition of Scott is again resumed, after a temporary delay, caused by an accident to the stereotype plates. Six numbers, to the 35th inclusive, are now upon our table, and the publisher "hopes to complete it by the end of February next." This work is so well known and so generally acceptable to all denominations of Christians, as to need no praise from us. We would, however, call attention to its *large clear type* and good paper; recommending it to the aged and the young, as the best edition of Scott's Commentary, and the only one in quarto, which has been published in this country.

The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems. *By H. W. Longfellow.* 1 vol. *Cambridge: John Owen. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—This is a neat volume of about one hundred and fifty pages, containing a selection of Mr. Longfellow's best poems. The volume is elegantly printed and bound in an illustrated cover. "The Old Clock on the Stair," and "To a Child," are the titles of two poems of great beauty, which we have never before seen in any of Longfellow's published works.

A New Map of Texas, Oregon and California. *S. A. Mitchell, Philadelphia.*—Here is what everybody wishes at this juncture—a good map of Texas, Oregon and California. Mr. Mitchell never publishes anything that is not accurate, and this map therefore may be relied on. See his advertisement in another column.

The Lady of Milan. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* This is a reprint of a very readable English novel, got up in the cheap style of Harper & Brothers, for 25 cents. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut Street, or of Lindsay & Blakiston.*

Harper's Illustrated Bible. Every family should possess a copy of this superb work; and those who do not already subscribe cannot do better than take it. *T. B. Peterson and Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

The Wandering Jew. No. 9. We have received from *T. B. Peterson*, and *Lindsay & Blakiston*, a continuation of *Harper & Brothers' illustrated edition of* the Wandering Jew.

Harper's Illustrated Shakspeare. *T. B. Peterson and Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* This is kept up with great spirit. The 64th number is the one now on our table.

Various Scraps.

☞ The Grand Duchess of Olga, second daughter of the Emperor of Russia, is in her twenty-third year, and is said to be a noble looking woman. Her father is devotedly fond of her. She is an expert equestrian, and appears on horseback in the Imperial Staff, on field days, and at reviews. The Emperor has given her the command of a regiment of Hussars, of which she is named the *Colonel!*

☞ A New York paper states that Neil Jamison, of this city, and recently of Welch's Circus, has been left sole heir of an immense estate in Scotland, valued at £50,000. The News was brought by the Great Western, and Mr. Jamison embarked for Scotland in the next steamship, to take possession of the goodly fortune.

☞ The States of Tennessee and Georgia seem to be in earnest in their scheme to unite the Atlantic and the Mississippi. The Legislature of Tennessee have chartered a company to construct a railway from Nashville to Chattanooga, the terminus of the Western and Atlantic railroad. The Georgia Legislature have passed a bill to extend the Western and Atlantic railroad. It authorizes the Governor to issue State bonds to an amount not exceeding $65,000 per annum for two years, not to be sold for less than their par value. This appropriation, it is thought, will continue the road to Cross Plains.

☞ It is stated in the Detroit Daily Advertiser, that a child was recently born in that vicinity, and is now living, which is entirely without arms. It has shoulder blades, and at the place where the shoulder joint should be, there is a small cicatrix, or scar, about the bigness of a small pea. Its right leg descends to the knee, to which the foot is affixed, and moves freely. Its left leg is perfect to the foot, which is clubbed in a very singular manner, the foot projecting outward and upward, and the toes being pointed toward the head. There are but four toes each on the feet.

☞ The Prague Gazette, in announcing the death of a M. Leiskauer, an Israelite merchant, at the age of 71, states that about fifty years ago he arrived in that city on foot without money, but by force of industry and economy had since amassed a fortune of nearly 5,000,000 francs, the greater part of which he has bequeathed for the encouragement of the arts and sciences and commerce and manufactures, and for the relief of the unfortunate of all nations. About 2,500,000 francs, have fallen to the benevolent institutions of the principal towns of Bohemia.

☞ A young girl about twelve years of age, named Susan Bump, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was accidentally killed on Sunday week, by her brother. He took up the gun supposing it was unloaded, aimed and discharged it at her. She lived but a few moments, only uttering the exclamation—"Oh! you have shot me!" The frequency of accidents of this kind calls for especial care in the handling of fire-arms.

☞ The actual receipts of the Charleston Custom House, commencing the 1st of October, and ending the 31st December, 1845, amount to $78,500.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met at Harrisburg on Tuesday, when both Houses organized, Democratic speakers being chosen in both Houses. The Message of the Governor was delivered on Wednesday.

The Governor, in this document, speaks of the general health and prosperity which has distinguished the citizens of this Commonwealth the past year. He adverts to the successful efforts of the State to pay the interest of her debt. He gives a qualified opinion as to any alteration in the Tariff, speaking on this subject only in general terms. He seems to be in favor of an Independent Treasury. The Banking capital of the State, he says, is already sufficient: and he recommends that a clause requiring individual liability on the part of the stockholders, should be inserted in all charters of renewal. He speaks also in favor of urging Congress to finish the removal of the obstructions in the Ohio. Of the benefits of the Common School system, both in theory and practical working, he speaks in elevated terms.

The internal improvements of the State, he says, show a great increase of the business transacted on them. The discussion of the militia system he waives; but he pays a high compliment to our volunteers.

The most gratifying fact in the Message is the announcement that there is already in the Treasury sufficient funds to meet the interest due in February. We copy the whole portion of the Message relating to our financial affairs.

The public debt of Pennsylvania, on the 1st of December, 1845, as appears from the report of the Auditor General, was as follows:

Funded debt,	$36,[illegible],267 49
Relief Notes in circulation,	1,258,572 00
Interest Certificates outstanding, with interest thereon,	2,[illegible],653 36
Due to Domestic Creditors,	90,736 43
The interest upon which, according to the Auditor General's computation for 1846, is	$2,023,[illegible] 60
The balance in the Treasury on the 1st December, 1844, was	663,851 88
The receipts into the same, during the year ending on the 30th November last, as appears in detail by the reports of Auditor General and State Treasurer, were	3,016,[illegible] 34
Making an aggregate sum of	$3,672,913 22
The payments from the Treasury, during the same period, were according to the reports of the same officers,	3,288,026 13
which being deducted from the above, shows the balance in the Treasury, on the 1st Dec. 1845, being less by $278,965 79, than it was on the 1st Dec. 1844.	384,886 09
The nett amount of available outstanding taxes on real and personal estate, after making allowances for collections and exonerations, on the 1st Dec., 1844, was estimated by the late State Treasurer at $887,301 71. It appears, however, from a subsequent estimate, founded upon more full returns, and a more accurate knowledge of the extent of exonerations, that the amount actually outstanding on that day, was	$1,009,778 03
The nett and available amount outstanding on the 1st Dec., 1845, is estimated at	874,544 50
The amount of outstanding taxes on the 1st Dec., 1845 is, therefore, less than it was on the 1st Dec., 1844, by the sum of	135,233 53
Adding to this sum the difference between the balance in the Treasury on the 1st Dec., 1844, and the 1st December, 1845,	$278,965 79
we have an aggregate reduction of the balance in the Treasury, and of outstanding taxes on the 1st day of December, 1845, as compared with the same items on the 1st December, 1844, of	414,199 32

From this statement it is apparent, that the receipts into the Treasury, during the year, derived from taxation on real and personal estate, and other sources of revenue properly belonging to the year, were less than the demands upon the Treasury for the same period, by the amount above stated. And it is also apparent, that if the Legislature had not postponed the payment of the domestic creditors and the interest on the certificates issued for interest, and if the cancellation of a portion of the relief notes required under existing laws to be cancelled, had not been deferred, the whole balance in the Treasury would have been exhausted on the 1st of December last.

For the purpose of convenient reference, I have appended to this communication, a summary statement (marked A.) of the receipts and expenditures of the past year, with an estimate, prepared with much care and deliberation, for the current year, ending on the 30th November, 1846.

According to this, the receipts of the year from all sources, including $1,300,000, from taxes on real and personal estate, will be	$3,217,700 00
Which added to the balance in the Treasury on the 1st December, 1845,	384,886 09
Makes an aggregate of	$3,602,586 09
Deducting from which, the estimated payments during the same period,	$3,513,996 09
We arrive at an estimated balance in the Treasury on the 1st day of December, 1846, of	88,590 00
Which is less by $296,296 09, than it was on the 1st of December, 1845.	
The amount of outstanding taxes on real and personal estate, considered available, on the 1st December, 1845, was	$874,544 50
To this is to be added the assessment for 1846, which, according to the best estimates, will yield a nett revenue, after deducting allowances for expenses of collections and exonerations, of	$4,180,000 00
Making an aggregate of,	$5,054,544 50
If from this aggregate, we deduct the estimated collections from these sources, during the year 1846,	$4,300,000 00
The difference	$754,544 50
will be the estimated amount of taxes, which on the 1st of December, 1846, will remain outstanding; being $120,000 00 less than was outstanding on the 1st day of December, 1845. When to the reductions, thus to take place, in the outstanding taxes with the current year,	$120,000 00
We add the difference between the balance in the Treasury, on the 1st day of December, 1845, and the estimated balance in the Treasury on the 1st Dec. 1846,	$296,296 09
We arrive at an aggregate reduction of these two items, within the fiscal year, ending 30th Nov. 1846, of	$416,296 09

From this view of the subject, it is apparent that the assessment of the year 1846, on real and personal estates, and the revenue of the year properly derivable from all other sources, taken together, will be insufficient to meet the demands upon the Treasury during the same period, by the sum of $416,296 09; and that in supplying the deficiency, the balance in the Treasury, on the 1st of December, 1846, will have been reduced to $88,590 00 and the arrears of outstanding taxes, to the sum of $754,544 50.

It is plain, therefore, that our present financial system is inadequate to supply the means of meeting all the demands on the Treasury, except when aided from the balance which had accumulated before the payment of interest was resumed, and by collections from the arrearages of taxes of former years—both of which will soon be exhausted.

I am constrained to add, that all these calculations and estimates presuppose that the demands on the Treasury will not be permitted to transcend their ordinary limits and that no appropriations will be made by legislation to new objects. These are not anticipated, because in the present state of the finances, every new appropriation may well be regarded, not as a grant of money unincumbered in the Treasury, but rather as an abstraction of funds, specifically appropriated already, and rightfully belonging to the public creditors.

In consequence of the inadequacy of the present taxes permanently to meet the interest, the Governor urges on the Legislature the adoption of other measures to sustain the faith of the State.

Legislative.

Message of the Governor of Maryland.—This message was delivered last week. The gratifying fact is stated, that during the year more taxes have been collected than would pay the whole interest on the public debt—the collections being $710,784 31—the interest being $655,421 20. There remained due for arrears of interest on the 1st of December, 1845, $1,376,891 20, being $55,363 31 less than was due on the 1st of December, 1844. The sinking fund of the State was on the 1st December, 1845, $1,404,030, and it is certain, that it will, in the time limited by law, amount to enough to pay off the whole debt. The entire debt of the State, bearing interest, is $11,366,764 28.

He suggests that if it shall be decided, as he seems to think it should, to resume the cash payment of interest on the 1st of October, 1846, that it will be necessary to fund the arrearages of interest due on the 1st of July, 1846. He then recommends the tax laws, and suggests such alterations in them as will make them more effective.

The receipts from the "Stamp Act" it is estimated will amount to $100,000 at the end of the year, for which it went into operation; and he recommends that it be extended to all instruments which were, by the decision of the Court of Appeals, declared to be excluded by the phraseology of the existing law. He also recommends that lottery tickets be also required to be stamped.

Message of the Governor of New York.—Gov. Wright's Message was delivered on Tuesday, the 6th inst. A large portion of it is devoted to the Anti-Rent difficulties. He gives a history of that affair; and of the measures taken to maintain the laws. But now that the law is vindicated he recommends that such of the grievances of the Anti-Rent tenants as are *real*, should be redressed—for instance, he thinks that leasehold estates on the old plan, as well the right of distress for rent should hereafter be abolished. Of the Canals he speaks at length. The revenue is comparatively in a flourishing condition. For Teacher's salaries there has been expended during the last year, $1,067,884 72. The Message agrees with that of President Polk on the subject of the Tariff and Independent Treasury.

Fires.

☞ The extensive leather factory at Brochett's Bridge, Manheim, (N. Y.) occupied by Messrs. A. Griswold & Son, was consumed by fire on the 30th ult. The establishment was 250 feet in length, with an extension corresponding to the basement of the main building of 100 feet further. About 4,000 sides of sole leather in the building were consumed, and the burning building having fallen, in a great part into the vats, occasioned still further loss. The value of the property destroyed is set down at $40,000, and Messrs. Griswold & Son have no insurance.

☞ On Thursday evening of last week, at half past 11 o'clock, the Rockaway House, Phillips Beach, Mass., took fire and was burnt to the ground, with all its contents. It is reported that a chimney had blown down, and that the snow and rain had so wet one of the upper bed-rooms, that a stove was put in to dry it—and the fire was communicated to the room.

☞ The Shovel Factory belonging to Mr. Geo. W. King, at Raynham, Mass., was consumed by fire on Thursday night week, with its contents. The loss is about $4,000 and no insurance. Mr. King had made partial arrangements for an insurance to take effect on the first of January.

☞ The jail at Whitesboro, N. Y., took fire last week, but the flames were soon extinguished. The prisoners, strange to tell, who were released, rendered efficient service, and when the flames were extinguished, returned voluntarily to their cells!

☞ The dwelling of Mr. P. Mason, in Springfield township, O., was burned to the ground so suddenly that nothing could be saved. Several hundred dollars in silver, which were in the dwelling, were found to be melted into a mass.

☞ The store of Mr. Ferguson, at Geneva, in Wisconsin Territory, took fire on the 18th ult., and was, with its contents, entirely consumed, occasioning a loss of $8,000, upon which there is no insurance.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Marion arrived at Port Praya November 12th, and sailed 15th for the leeward coast. U. S. store ship Southampton, from Norfolk, was at Port Praya, Cape de Verde, Dec. 19. U. S. ship Saratoga was spoken Dec. 11, lat. 25, long. 80, on a cruise. The brig Ottaway, now at Norfolk, has been chartered by the Government to transport stores to the U. S. squadron on the Coast of Africa, and did leave for Port Praya on the 7th or 8th inst.

Ships to be Fitted out.—The Norfolk Beacon of Friday week says:—"We understand that orders were received here yesterday for estimates, to be made out forthwith, of the probable cost of fitting out all the ships afloat, including the Pennsylvania, at our Navy Yard, and those also on the stocks."

Post Captain.—It is said the President has nominated to the Senate Commander Henry W. Ogden, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Commodore Elliott. He has been selected over Commanders Grant, Ramsey, Henry and Downing.

The Army at Corpus Christi.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 25th ult. contains later advices from Texas, which confirms the accounts of sickness among the troops at Corpus Christi.

Agricultural Items.

Northern Cotton.—Those who suppose that cotton will not grow in a northern climate will learn with surprise that this great staple of the South was produced in perfection last summer in the garden of Capt. Joseph Matther, at Greenbush, N. Y. This cotton grew in the open garden, and without artificial heat. The cotton is of as fine and beautiful a texture as that produced in Alabama.

Sugar Cane in Georgia.—Hardy Everett, of Scriven county, Georgia, raised three barrels of sugar this season from cane grown on pine land near his residence. It resembles the New Orleans sugar in color, and is of a large and excellent grain.

Religious Intelligence.

Southern Methodist Episcopal Conference.—From the returns laid before the Conference now in session at New Orleans, we learn that the increase in the membership of Mississippi Conference for the year ending the 10th of December, 1845, is 1,400 whites and 1,503 colored. The aggregate number of members is now 14,833 whites, 9,302 colored and 116 Indians; of the two former numbers the city of New Orleans alone has 1,122 whites and 1,200 colored. There are also in the charge of the Conference 60 Sunday Schools, having an aggregate number of 2,345 scholars attending. The sum of $518 has been raised for the purchase of books the last year. There are 247 local and 110 travelling preachers now in the Conference.

Items of News.

☞ During the past year, there have been erected in Washington city, D. C., 356 new buildings, besides 26 shops, and 23 additions. There are now in the city 5,638 dwellings. The population is estimated at 33,774. The improvements made during the year are assessed at $370,822.

☞ In the Virginia House of Delegates, on Monday week, a member introduced a bill for the construction of a railroad from Richmond, on the south side of James River, to some point on the Ohio River, at or below the mouth of the great Kanawha River.

☞ Philadelphia butter, as sweet as a rose, is advertised in the Boston papers.

☞ One of the large elephants attached to a menagerie, died at Zanesville, Ohio. He was one of four recently exhibited in this city. A Russian white bear belonging to the same collection of animals also died.

☞ Mr. Lyman D. Scott, an intemperate man, burned his house and himself in it at Moulton, Vt., on Saturday week. He was about 46 years old, and has left a wife and two children.

☞ The Legislature of Alabama has resolved that the seat of government shall be removed to no place that will not furnish a State House, without expense to the State.

☞ A bill to divorce Mrs. S. C. P. Thomas from her husband, Ex-Governor Francis Thomas, of Maryland, has passed the House of Delegates of Virginia unanimously.

☞ The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas states decidedly that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler will *not* re-appear upon the stage in London.

☞ The Governor of Virginia has granted Hunter Hill, now under sentence of death for the murder of Major Smith, a respite for one month.

☞ There is a proposition on foot to erect a monument to Roger Williams, on the ground selected for a public cemetery near Providence.

☞ The beautiful town of Roxbury, Mass., has resolved, with the consent of the Legislature, to become a City.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

460 shares Reading R. R.	28[illegible]
355 do. Girard Bank,	8¼a8½
50 do. Harrisburg R. R.	17a17¼
25 do. Exchange Bank, Pittsburg,	39½
23 do. Western Bank, B5,	46
24 do. Wilmington R. R.	29½
15 do. Man. & Mec. Bank, Pitts,	43½
15 do. Vicksburg Bank,	17¼
4 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	300
$5000 Alms House 6's, 1847,	99¼
$400 Lehigh 6's,	65½
$1200 County 5's, 1860, old,	95
$3000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	67½
$2000 Lehigh 6's,	65

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes are without change; we quote western $3,50a3,62½. *Bark* nominal at $25 for first quality No. 1 quercitron; we hear of no sales. *Coffee*—Since our last weekly review the only transaction has been a sale of 1200 bags Laguayra on terms not public; prices of all kinds firm with limited stocks. *Cotton*—Sales since last week are limited to a few small lots taken by spinners at full prices; we are advised of about 200 bales at 7 cts for repacked, 7c for middling, 8a8½c for middling fair uplands, and 8½c for New Orleans, cash and 4 mos; the market closes very firm, and holders show no disposition to yield in their prices, owing to the high rates ruling at all the southern ports. *Fish* only sell in a retail way at previous rates. *Fruit*—The business is confined to small sales from store without change in prices. *Flour and Meal*—The market opened with a little more inquiry for flour, and holders firm, but the only sales we hear of for export, are about 1600 bbls standard brands at $5,37½ and 5,75 the pair for half bbls; shippers offer a less rate, and there is more disposition to sell at $5,37½, which is the general asking price; for city use prices range at $5,37½a5,75 for common and choice brands, with a limited demand. Rye flour is dull at $4a4,50. Corn Meal—We are advised of a sale of 1600 bbls at $3,75. Wheat is but little inquired for, being held above the views of millers, who offer 110a112c for good reds. Rye—Scarce at 76a80c for southern and Pa. Corn is without much demand and prices have fallen off; we hear of no sales and quote new southern yellow 65c, and Penna. 66a68, market dull. Oats—Southerns are worth 40c. *Hemp and Hides*—There are no sales made public. *Lead*—Market nearly bear in the absence of sales; we quote at $4,75, on time. *Molasses*—Several lots New Orleans just commenced landing, for which we understand 27a28 cts have been offered, but hear of no sales. *Naval Stores*—Sales of spirits turpentine at 68a69c, other kinds no changes. *Oils*—Steady at previous rates. *Plaster*—Sales at $3,75a3. *Provisions*—There is little or nothing doing in the market generally, and prices are without alteration since the close of last week. *Rice*—Stocks are increasing and prices less firm with limited sales at 5a5½c. *Salt*—An arrival of Turks' Island was previously sold and reported. *Sugar*—Three cargoes of New Orleans arrived since our last weekly review and are now landing; sales have transpired to the extent of 200 hhds at 6a6½ cts, 4 and 6 mos for ordinary to fair quality, 7c is offered for choice lots, and 300 hhds old brought 6½c on time. *Seeds*—Dull and prices cloverseed is nominally held at $6; flaxseed sells in small lots at 133a135c. *Wool*—About 300 bales sold at 28c for common, 30c for half and 35 cents for full blood, on the usual. *Whiskey* is drooping, sales of hhds at 25c, and bbls 26c, and dull.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 880 head of beef cattle, including 250 from Virginia and Ohio; 150 taken to New York, and 50 remain unsold; 150 cows, 500 swine and 800 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are in fair demand at $5a6,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—Sales of milch cows at $15a25; springers $10a18, and dry cows at $5a12 each. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of sheep $1,25a3, and lambs at $1 to 2,75 each, as in quality.

New York, Jan. 5.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, 300 from the south, 60 cows and calves, and 3600 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—A liberal demand prevailed throughout the week, at $4,50 for ordinary and middling qualities, and $5 to 6 and $6,50 for good and prime.—These rates may be quoted as the extremes of the market, although we hear of a sale of extra, made at the close of the week, as high as $7—about 200 head remain unsold. Cows and Calves—Prices range, as in quality, from $15 to 32—all sold. Sheep and Lambs—The market closed at prices ranging, according to quality, from $1,50 to 4 and $5. Hay—Sales of loose at 61 per cwt.

Richmond, Jan. 1.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,00a2,50; nett $4,00a5, according to quality. A choice lot of cattle has been sold at $6. Mutton—$2a3, according to quality. Hogs—$5a5½ per 100.

New York Market, Jan. 6.—Some of the receivers came to $5,75 to day for parcels of flour for shipment, and 1500 bbls were taken at that rate. Holders are generally firm at $5,81¼a5,87½, and it is doubtful if any more could be had at $5,75. There is a demand for more at that rate. The regular inquiry is quite light. There have been farther sales of 700 or 800 bbls Jersey corn meal for export at $4a4,12½.

Corn is heavy and sales of about 10,000 bushels have been made at 67a70c, the former for export and the latter for distilling. Rye is wanted to some extent at 75a76, and I understand that the higher figure was bid for a large amount. Oats are 47a48 at retail. Barley nominal at 72a75. Wheat is very dull, millers being generally out of market.

HEALTH OFFICE, JANUARY, 3, 1846
INTERMENTS
In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 27th December to the 3d January.

Diseases	Adults	Children	Diseases	Adults	Children
Apoplexy,	3	0	Brought over,	31	16
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	Erysipelas,	1	0
Cancer,	1	0	Erythema,	0	1
—Stomach,	1	0	Fever, Scarlet,	0	8
Casualties,	1	1	——Typhoid,	1	0
Croup,	0	2	Gangrene,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	19	1	Gun Shot Wound,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	6	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	3
Diarrhoea,	1	0	——Bronchi,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
——Abdominal,	1	0	——Liver,	2	0
——Head,	0	3	Mania a Potu,	2	0
——Heart,	2	0	Marasmus,	0	2
Disease of Brain,	2	2	Measles,	0	1
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Tuberculous,	1	0	Small Pox,	10	12
——Liver,	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
——Spine,	1	0	Unknown,	3	1
Debility,	0	1	Varioloid,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	1	0			
Carried over,	31	16	Total, 106	54	52

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, and 21 people of color, which are included in the total amount.
By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Dec. 28,	28	34	38
29,	33	37	40
30,	38	41	43
31,	30	32	33
Jan. 1,	26	34	36
2,	50	53	51
3,	41	43	42

Pains in the Side and Breast, headache, loss of appetite, sick stomach, with sometimes a vomiting of bilious matter, costiveness, indigestion, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, &c., are the common symptoms of a diseased liver. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* will in all cases remove the above disagreeable symptoms, and may be relied on as a certain cure for Liver Complaint. The first few doses will afford immediate relief, and if continued a short time, so as completely to free the system from all morbid and corrupt humors, there will most assuredly restore the body to a state of health.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every kind from the body.

It should also be remembered that a man by the name of Wm. M. Spear, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, at the corner of Race and Front streets, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The public are also informed that medicine purporting to be improved Indian Pills, made by one G. B. Smith, and sold about the country by different persons, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from authorized agents only, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia, or at the offices, No. 195 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine" and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

AN IMPORTANT CURE BY DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE. We have been informed by Mrs. Mahan, (a grand-daughter of old Gen. Wayne,) that she suffered for a number of years from the growth of a large Goitrous Tumor, which, besides great deformity, produced both a difficulty of deglutition, and of breathing. Indeed, she says, the pressure upon the windpipe was so great, as to prevent her sleeping in a recumbent position, and often suffocation appeared inevitable. She also labored under severe indisposition from Liver Complaint and Jaundice, with a horrible train of nervous affections, for which she commenced the use of Dr. Jayne's Alterative, which she took regularly for six or seven weeks, with occasional doses of his Sanative Pills, and her general health was thereby completely re-established, and now perceiving some diminution in the size of the Goitrous Tumor, she was encouraged to persevere in the use of the Alterative, until every vestige of the painful Tumor was entirely removed. We think, therefore, that such an important remedy should be more generally known.—*Public Ledger.*
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d street, Philadelphia. jan 1-3t

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 22d December to the 5th January.

December 22, continued from [illegible]			
Brown & Foulke	$1 00	J. W. Coffin	10 00
C. Derr	2 00	H. Howard, Jr.	3 00
L. W. Mason	2 00	Geo. B. Haley	3 00
L. Conner	2 00	S. Lawson	1 00
J. Kilborn	2 00	Jesse John	4 00
D. Anderson	6 00	J. H. Rhodes & Co.	5 00
L. Anderson	1 00	E. M. Morse	20 00
J. Orr	2 00	E. J. Fiss	2 00
N. L. Strong	2 00	G. K. Hisley	14 00
A. Cloyes	2 00	S. P. Horton	3 00
Miss M. E. Mosher	2 00	G. T. Maney	2 00
J. E. Johnson	7 00		
December 23.			
T. J. Potkin	2 00	J. Griffith	2 00
J. F. Satterthwaite	2 00	J. S. Browne	4 00
H. Blakemore	2 00	G. W. Greer	6 00
J. B. Somerville	2 00	H. L. Dunn	2 00
H. G. Roberts	7 00	P. Spiker	3 00
L. Hibbs	2 00	G. L. Govern	2 00
J. Lewis	1 00	S. T. Peters	6 00
I. E. James, agt.	125 00		
December 24.			
J. Roberts	2 00	L. Hebner, Jr.	2 00
L. G. Clark	6 00	C. Johnson	3 00
L. Rock	2 00	P. Dennis	3 00
W. G. Chase	4 00	M. Marshall	2 00
W. Stanley	3 00	Capt. J. H. Green	1 37
J. Higgins	2 00	T. Tomlinson	2 00
S. L. Shoemaker	2 00	J. L. Allen	2 00
W. Cloud	2 00	G. F. Jones	20 00
J. M. Adams	2 00	L. T. Kirker	6 00
T. Pickering	2 00	M. S. Smoots	4 00
D. Williams	2 00	B. R. Greene	15 00
J. M. Noyes	2 00	L. Vail & Co.	3 00
W. Pepperney	2 00		
December 26.			
C. F. Fisher	2 00	L. Shepherd	2 00
P. H. Ellis	2 00	J. N. Anderson	2 00
R. Sears	20 00	E. S. Ellett	5 00
A. Caldwell	2 00	D. McTaggart	2 00
G. W. Head	35 70	E. Cheney	2 00
J. Smith	1 00	T. Johnson	1 00
J. C. Ransom	2 00	W. De Pew	4 00
J. Sally	4 00	D. R. Stewart	10 00
G. Sears	2 00	F. S. Sisson	10 00
J. Tuckerman	17 00	Mrs. E. Bickers	2 00
A. Johnson	1 25	J. Sims	10 00
H. Miller	3 00	Dr. W. D. Jefferson	2 05
S. Evans	2 00	R. B. Smith	2 00
W. Murray	6 00	J. Beatty	6 00
G. C. Seaton	10 00	H. F. Whiteman	2 00
C. E. Brinley	2 00	J. L. Jarvis	7 00
December 27.			
P. A. Richards	3 00	H. A. Sutherland	12 00
B. W. Pancoast	1 00	J. Goodell	5 00
Mrs. H. Hagy	2 00	G. F. Forsythe	2 00
W. R. Hagy	1 00	D. C. Wing	22 00
O. B. Zerner	14 00	G. Null	2 00
M. Cartwright	1 50	A. A. Southworth	3 00
A. Leonard	2 00	G. C. Choate & Co.	3 75
W. S. Livingston	1 25	S. H. Greenwood	1 00
S. Gates	5 00	F. L. Stockton	2 00
G. Robinson	5 00	R. N. Miller	2 00
Mary A. Park	5 00	B. S. Bowers	6 00
J. Darby	10 00	N. T. Parker	6 00
M. K. Sweeney	2 00	G. G. Carter	4 00
G. McCulloch	2 00		
December 29.			
D. Kochersperger	1 50	S. A. Hoskins	5 00
J. Hescock	4 00	S. F. Seeley	4 00
E. Garrison	2 00	G. Wilde	2 00
R. W. Robins	2 00	J. Graham	2 00
Mary A. Cady	2 00	C. R. Pomeroy	2 00
H. Terry	2 00	D. G. Kern	20 00
W. Harris	13 00	H. W. Hubbard	2 00
F. Williams	14 00	L. P. Tower	10 00
J. W. Williford	10 00	Mrs. E. Physic	2 00
G. Garvie	3 50	R. McClintock	2 00
L. Letellier	2 00	G. B. Foster	6 00
J. Kennedy & Co.	10 00	M. O. Fales	2 00
T. McAllister	1 00	B. M. Brown	2 00
E. Barnes	2 00		
December 30.			
T. M. Waterhouse	2 00	M. W. Spear	5 00
G. Sanford	10 00	J. Gill	2 00
S. Starr	10 00	J. Freeman	2 00
Mrs. E. Urban	2 00	R. Clark	1 50
J. Hutton	2 00	G. S. Jones	2 00
D. R. Barber	6 25	P. M. Porter	2 00
S. Tustin	1 50	R. G. Grove	4 00
G. M. Bair	6 00	N. T. Spencer	5 00
R. Wescott	2 00	P. R. English	2 00
Mrs. A. Stone	10 00	J. L. Tucker	2 00
J. Russell	15 00	S. T. O. Smith	2 00
Col. T. S. Williams	5 00	Cregar & Taylor	6 00
L. Travers	2 00		
December 31.			
A. J. Bunn	2 00	E. Thayer	4 00
A. B. & D. Sands	20 25	H. Churchill	10 00
P. Keyser	2 00	E. Coates	2 00
B. Oakford	3 00	Capt. G. Smith	2 00
H. B. Chapman	2 00	W. B. Tuttle	2 00
Mrs. Dr. Seymour	2 00	W. S. Edmunds	2 00
R. Bayne	1 00	S. Johnson	10 00
T. S. Clark	2 00	J. Moore	2 00
J. P. Tweddall	2 00	G. R. Carpenter	2 00
S. Powell	6 00	J. Hartsell	2 00
T. E. Blackshear	2 00	J. P. Stesler	2 00
A. P. Rowe	1 00	O. Clark	2 00
Mrs. Lindsay	2 00	J. Moore	6 25
H. Clark, Jr.	24 00	J. Y. Thorne	2 00
January 1.			
E. H. Roberts	1 50	S. D. Briggs	2 00
J. Prentiss, Jr.	2 00	J. Cressy	2 00
D. Cowden	10 00	Dr. T. B. Cooper	2 00
T. D. Patrick	10 00	J. R. Elder	2 00
D. Williams	10 00	S. P. Kirl	6 00
Col. S. Humphreys	5 00	A. M. Elder	5 00
J. Gilpin	2 00	R. W. Jones	3 00
J. Smith	5 00	L. T. Keyser	20 00
W. Thompson	2 00	P. L. Binder	2 00
J. Gillam	2 00	G. T. Bond	2 00
W. P. Orr	2 00	J. A. Smith	2 00
J. B. Gilbey	12 00	W. G. Hyde	2 00
Capt. W. F. Taylor	2 00		
January 2.			
A. Robbins	2 00	Mrs. M. A. Bradley	2 00
E. James	1 00	P. Dickerson	2 00
P. W. Levering	2 00	A. Wallis	2 00
D. Spear	10 00	J. Apgar	10 00
P. B. Simpson	10 00	G. J. Walker	2 00
T. Cornell	5 00	O. Edwards	12 00
A. Seemons	5 00	D. Miller	2 00
Dr. C. McDougal	1 50	Rev. S. Halfenstein	1 00
J. R. Reed	2 00	Dickey & Clark	2 00
J. H. Bradbury	1 50	C. B. Coach	2 00
J. W. Harkley	1 50	G. V. Turnbull	2 00
W. S. Aaron	22 50	L. S. Boyer	2 00
J. O. Griffith	20 00	N. M. Ord	8 00
W. Hanway	5 00	P. B. Beale	4 00
January 3.			
J. Milligan	2 00	E. Barnum	18 00
J. T. Heppel	1 00	Dr. M. Rowan	2 00
J. F. Voorhees	2 00	E. Jackson	45 00
R. W. Lukens	1 50	M. B. Slade	6 25
R. G. Grout	13 00	O. D. Greene	13 00
J. Johnson	9 00	J. W. Coffin	10 00
J. W. Pepper	2 00	C. Williams	10 00
G. W. Spratt	2 00	J. C. Chamberlin	2 00
C. L. Bowen	15 00	G. W. Boode	2 00
R. B. Watley	23 00	P. L. Barker	8 00
S. & J. Barnett	2 00	G. T. Bourne	2 00
T. Garrigues	3 00	L. S. Martin	2 00
W. C. Garton	4 00	P. B. Parks	2 00
January 5.			
J. Stapler	9 00	S. S. Sweet	2 00
Mrs. M. Lake	2 00	O. Jackson	2 00
W. D. Faris	1 00	J. Scudder	2 00
J. Johnson	2 00	O. D. Mix	2 00
J. R. Galbreath	4 00	J. Strickler	2 00
A. F. Scott	41 91	A. Brunneman	5 00
J. M. Caila	10 00	H. O. Beatty	2 00
J. Cessna	2 00	J. Mariott	2 00
J. Esau	1 00	Dr. W. P. Williams	1 00
Maj. D. Peery	2 00	A. Hauser	2 00
C. A. Carlton	2 00	J. G. Heacock	13 75
W. W. George	5 00	L. S. Baber	23 00
E. W. Parker	5 00	P. Q. Vernon	4 00
W. R. Foster	5 00	G. L. Beene	2 00
C. H. Paddock	14 00		

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX WILL BE ON EXhibition at MASONIC HALL, Chesnut street, for *three days only*—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Many were unable to visit in December last on account of the unfavorable weather—and the proprietor has been induced to delay his farther progress southward (returning from Baltimore) that such may have another opportunity. The exhibition closes Wednesday, P. M., at 3 o'clock. Admittance 25 cents. 1t

CANCER, SCROFULA AND GOITRE.—Ample experience has proved that no combination of medicine has ever been so effectual in removing the above diseases, as Jayne's Live Preservative. It has effected cures that have been truly astonishing, not only of Cancer and other diseases of that class, but has removed the most stubborn Diseases of the Skin, Swellings, Dyspepsia, &c. &c. This medicine enters into the circulation, and eradicates diseases wherever located. It purifies the blood and other fluids of the body, removes obstruction in the pores of the skin, and reduces enlargements of the glands or bones. It increases the appetite, removes headache and drowsiness, and invigorates the whole system, and imparts animation to the depressed and debilitated constitution. There is nothing superior to it in the whole materia medica. It is perfectly safe and extremely pleasant, and has nothing of the disgusting nausea accompanying the idea of swallowing medicine. Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 3d street, Philada.
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA.—No remedy has ever been found to remove the above diseases so promptly and effectually as Jayne's Expectorant. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matter, while at the same time it heals and invigorates them. Prepared only at No. 8 South 3d street, Philada. jan 10-3t

50 TRAVELLING MAP AGENTS WANTED.
THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO ENGAGE in the sale of his MAPS, and publications a number of young or middle aged men of strictly moral and industrious habits. A capital of from $100 to $200 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Testimonials of character will be required. The following are the principal works to be circulated. Large Map of the World Large County and Township Map of the United States, National Map of the United States; Map of the Western States, colored in counties; Map of the State of New York; Tanner's Universal Atlas, 70 Maps, greatly improved edition—Atlas of History for the use of schools and families. Also a large variety of Pocket Maps.
A constant supply of Maps will be kept at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the convenience of Agents doing business of the Western, and South-Western States. Prompt attention shall be paid to all communications addressed to C. Ber Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the subscriber,
oct 11d6m* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and 7th streets, Philada.

ALMANAC

Jan. 1846.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
10 Saturday,	7 16	4 41	12 [illegible]	D. H. M.
11 Sunday,	7 16	4 42	1 [illegible]	
12 Monday,	7 16	4 42	[illegible]	
13 Tuesday,	7 16	4 43	[illegible]	
14 Wednesday,	7 16	4 44	[illegible]	First Q. [illegible]
15 Thursday,	7 15	4 45	[illegible]	Full M. [illegible]
16 Friday,	7 15	4 46	[illegible]	Last Q. [illegible]
17 Saturday,	7 14	4 46	4 30	New 27 4 [illegible]

Married,

At Providence, R. I., on Wednesday evening, the 31st of December, by the Rev. Dr. Crocker, John S. Gibbs, Esq., to Charlotte F., daughter of Thomas Fletcher, Esq., all of Providence, R. I.
On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Fouls, of the Eighty Church, Mr. Daniel Yost, to Miss Jane C. Henderson, all of this city.
On the 5th inst., by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. Wm. F. Barker, to Miss Lavinia M. Marsh, all of this city.
On the 1st inst., by the Rev. E. Newton, Mr. William Gilbert, of England, to Miss Isabella F. Furman, of New Hampshire.
At Princeton, N. J., on the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Rice, Mr. John Ermert, of Philadelphia, to Miss Lydia A. Thorn, of the former place.
On the 1st inst., by the Rev. Wm. Suddard, Chapman Lyons, to Caroline L., daughter of Tobias Riley, all of this city.
On the 1st inst., by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Hugh Mason, to Miss Amelia Sailor, all of Spring Garden.
On the 1st inst., at Crosswick, Burlington, N. Jersey, Washington M. Rowe, to Sarah W. Furman, both of Montgomery county, N. J.
On the 1st inst., by the Rev. E. J. Sourin, Daniel C. E. Brady, to Emma M., daughter of Peter K. Gorgas, all of this city.
On the 30th ult., in the presence of Mayor Swift, by Friends' ceremony, Wm. W. Richards, of the Northern Liberties, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the late Hannah Walker, of the Great Valley, Chester county.
On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Geo. E. Hocheneder, to Sarah E. Stewart, all of this city.
On the 31st inst., by the same, Nathan R. Supplee, to Lucinda B. Leland, all of this city.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. Joshua K. Burr, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. S. Sneed, all of Spring Garden.
On the 1st inst., by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Rev. Samuel Stevenson, to Miss Mary A. Fulton.
On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Horatio G. Jones, Mr. Owen Jones, formerly of Bucks county, to Miss Hannah R., daughter of the late Jacob Hagy, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

Died,

On second day, 5th inst., Clementine Kemble, aged 65 years.
In New York, on the 4th inst., Ellen, wife of John B. Satterthwaite, and daughter of Wm. J. Duane, of Philadelphia.
On the 5th inst., Charles Desauque, son of Chas. L. and Christina Desauque, aged 17 months.
On the 5th inst., George W. Park, in the 23d year of his age.
On the 4th inst., Mr. John P. Smith.
On the 5th inst., Mrs. Sarah Locke, aged 67 years.
On the 3d inst., Edward M., son of John and Anna P. Ketcham, aged 17 days.
On the 5th inst., Mr. Charles Maze, son of Benj. and Mary Maze, in the 23d year of his age.
On the 31st ultimo, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs. Amelia W., widow of the late Dr. Boyter.
On the 3d inst., Mr. Richard Burr, in the 65th year of his age.
On the 2d instant, Mr. William M. Smith, aged 33 years.
On the 1st inst., Mrs. Sarah Olson, aged 87 years.
In Washington city, on the 31st ult., Wm. F. Zantzinger, a native of Lancaster, Penna., late a Purser in the Navy of the United States.
On the 4th inst., in the 27th year of his age, Samuel Black.
On the 4th inst., John J., eldest son of Dr. J. Uhler, in the 13th year of his age.
In New York, on the 27th ult., Mr. Wm. M. Neisey, in the 24th year of his age, formerly of this city.
Edmund T. Myers, in the 24th year of his age.
In Pottstown, on Monday, the 15th ult., Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the Hon. Jacob S. Yost, in the 17th year of her age.
The sudden decease of the departed, renders her exit from this world of care, peculiarly mournful. The angel of death touched her youthful brow, and like the fair Autumn flower blighted by the wintry wind, she hath faded away—but to bloom again in the sun-shine of eternity.

MITCHELL'S NEW MAP OF TEXAS, OREGON, AND CALIFORNIA,
ON ONE SHEET, ROYAL SIZE. No pains or expense have been spared in the execution of this work. The Map represents that part of North America which extends from lat. 20° to lat. 56° N., and from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. It includes the State of Texas, Oregon as claimed by the United States, and the whole of Upper California, together with the adjoining regions of the State and Territories of Iowa, the Missouri Territory, the Indian Territory, and a considerable portion of Mexico and Old California, and some part of British America. It embraces, also, the most recent published information extant, including that derived from Nicollet's Map of the Country between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; Map of Oregon, by Capt. Wilkes, U. S. N.; Map of the Explorations in Oregon, California, &c., by Capt. Fremont, U. S. A.; the Congressional and other Maps of Texas; the latest Maps of Mexico, &c. The Emigrant Route to Oregon, via the South Pass, and the Traders' Route to Santa Fe, are distinctly traced, and all the Counties in Texas are shown on the Map.
Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, shall have Ten Copies of the Map, in sheets folded for the pocket, together with ten copies of the descriptive matter, (40 pages duodecimo,) forwarded by mail, without any delay. The postage will not exceed, at the present rates, five cents per copy, for the Map and Accompaniment, to any part of the United States. Yours, very respectfully,
S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
Map Establishment, N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada. jan 10 3m

MERCHANT MILL AND WATER POWER.—The subscribers offer for sale their valuable Mill situated at Springfield, Clark county, Ohio, on Buck Creek, a never failing spring stream. The mill is a substantial four story brick building, with five run of 4½ feet French Burrs now in operation and room for adding another pair. The building and all the machinery is arranged on the most approved principles and is unsurpassed in its construction to anything in the country. The mill has been in operation four years and has thus far done an extensive business, being situated at the most favorable point in the whole country for obtaining large quantities of wheat and doing an extensive country business. The Railroad from Cincinnati to Lake Erie passing through Springfield will afford a speedy access to both the Northern and the Southern markets. The property will be disposed of on very reasonable terms. By the purchaser paying part down he can have a number of years for paying the balance.
The undersigned also wish to lease water power to the amount of ten run of Burrs for manufacturing purposes. They will give permanent leases at a lower rate than is now offering at any place of similar advantages in the whole country provided application be made soon.—Springfield is known as one of the most healthy and pleasant towns in the West. An indisputable title will be given. (Jan 10 2t*) S. & J. BARNETT.

NOS 6 AND 7 "APPLETON'S LITERARY MISCELLANY."
SKETCHES OF MODERN LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.
(Being a Gallery of Literary Portraits.)
BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.
Reprinted entire from the London edition
One volume, 12mo., cloth, $1,25; or in two parts, paper cover, $1, forming Nos 6 and 7 of "Literary Miscellany."
Contents—Lord Jeffrey, William Godwin, William Hazlitt, Robert Hall, Percy B. Shelley, Dr. Chalmers, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas De Quincey, John Foster, Professor Wilson, Edward Irving and the Preachers of the Day; Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Campbell, Lord Brougham, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Wordsworth, Robert Pollok, Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham; and the Rural Poets, Ebenezer Elliott, John Keats, Thomas Babington Macauley, Thomas Aird, Robert Southey, John Gibson Lockart.
Just published by
GEORGE S. APPLETON,
148 Chesnut street, below 7th, Philada.

FARM FOR SALE.—(Near Byberry Meeting House.)—Will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on 2d-day, 19th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., the Farm, for many years occupied by David Comfort, in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, fourteen miles from the city, containing 50 acres, 5 of which are woodland, 6 of meadow, the rest first quality farm land. The buildings consist of a two story stone dwelling house, with four rooms on a floor, besides attics and wash house; a large milk vault; ice house; stone barn with stabling; good cow shed; frame wagon house; hen house, &c. An excellent orchard of choice fruit, a variety of cherries, pears, plums, &c. A well of excellent water in the wash house, another at the barn. This property being of moderate size, situated in a beautiful and highly improved neighborhood, contiguous to places of worship, schools, mills, stores, &c., offers inducements to purchasers rarely met with. It desired a considerable part of the purchase money may remain secured on the premises in the usual way. Further particulars and terms made known at the time of sale by JESSE WEBSTER, Auctr.
Jan. 7th, 1846. jan 10-2t

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:
Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Medicine.
IN THIS PREPARATION ARE STRONGLY concentrated all the medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, compounded with other valuable extracts, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. The great object desired is now accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed hitherto incurable diseases.
The afflicted, or those who may have been given up to despair, and all who are interested, are invited to make a trial of this valuable medicine, or to call on those who have come forward and borne public testimony of its priceless value to them, and satisfy themselves individually of its power in arresting and curing disease, and of what it has done for others.
The following was addressed to our Agent at Savannah:
Ogeechee Cross Road, Ga., August 24, 1845.
Mr. G. R. Hendrickson, Savannah.
Dear Sir—Having just recovered from a most severe Chronic Rheumatism, with which I have been afflicted for many years, and having used various remedies without any success, I am induced to write to you in respect to Sands' Sarsaparilla, to which valuable medicine I now owe my present enjoyment of health. Despairing of ever recovering from this distressing disease, and, while laboring under the most acute agony and pain, I was persuaded to try the Sarsaparilla so highly recommended for the cure of Rheumatism. I tried one bottle, and the little benefit I derived from that one, induced me to give it a fair trial, which I did, by sending down to you for half a dozen bottles; and am now happy to say I find myself, for the first time in twelve years, well and able to attend to my necessary duties. I send you this through a feeling of gratitude, due this excellent medicine, and a sense of obligation to my fellow beings, that those similarly afflicted, may be induced to try this valuable remedy, Sands' Sarsaparilla.
Yours, with respect, &c. DANIEL FOX.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists 79 Fulton St., N. York.
Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomas, corner 5th and Spruce sts., and Dr. D. Jayne, 8 South Third street.
Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5. jan 3-3m

WILLIAM PENN.
JUST PUBLISHED—THE VIRTUES AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF WM. PENN. A discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1845, by Albert Barnes. This excellent discourse is printed on large type and fine paper, and may be sent by mail by the cheap postage system at a trifling expense.
Price 12½ cts. per single copy. Persons sending ONE DOLLAR by mail, postage paid, to the publisher, he will send to their address TEN COPIES, done up in a strong wrapper, or 50 copies for $5. Address,
dec 20-3t WM. SLOANAKER, 93 Chesnut street.

EVANS & WATSON'S PATENT IMPROVED FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, SLATE-LINED REFRIGERATORS, ETC.
NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, isinglass, &c., which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soap-stone. We still continue to make our celebrated Air Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank; as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use, are made.
The public may rest assured of getting an article on our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1843, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.
References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.
N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.
Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Ninth streets.
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In addition to its being a positive remedy for the Piles, it never fails to cure that INTOLERABLE ITCHING, which is so very common, and has its location in the same parts as the Piles.
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Respectfully yours, LEWIS P. ASHFORD.
Prepared only by Dr. N. JACKSON, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and by A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton Street, New York, also by Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover Streets, Boston, Mass. None genuine unless with the signature of N. Jackson, M. D., on the outside wrapper, and with the words "DR JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION, PHILADELPHIA," blown in each bottle. Price, $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5. sep 20-eow tf

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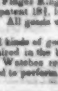
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Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many anonymous contributors of distinguished merit furnish articles for nearly every number, and in each will be found *an able letter upon the literature of Europe, from our able correspondent*, F. J. Grund, Esq.
OUR ELEGANT PARIS FASHION PLATES.
The splendid fashion plates, with which we shall adorn each number of "Graham" for 1846, have already awakened the jealousy of *our contemporaries*, and they show their annoyance by all manner of torture of the word "Paris." It seems to be both a charm and a bane to them. We have only to say that our December number contains a specimen of what "Our Paris Fashions" are and will be, and we must trust the eyes of the public to detect the superior value of those, "*designed, engraved, printed and colored at the head quarters of the fashionable world*," over the vapid imitations, which are got up here at least sixty days old, and palmed off as correct. In January we shall have a most elegant style of cloak patterns, and as it will be issued early, say by December 10th, we advise our fair readers not to spoil their material by following the *blind guides of last year*, but to adopt the true fashions for 1846.
SPLENDID EMBELLISHMENTS.
In the department of Engravings, it is well known that Graham's Magazine has far surpassed any periodical ever published in this or any other country. The highest ambition of rival publishers seems thus far to have been to maintain a respectable imitation of the numerous costly and beautiful works of art with which the successive numbers of this journal have been graced. In the course of the succeeding volumes many IMPORTANT NEW FEATURES will be introduced. SARTAIN, the most celebrated Mezzotint Engraver in the Union, and equal to the best in Europe, will continue to furnish his exquisite productions; and RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH; SMILLIE & HINSHELWOOD, and others, of New York, CHEENEY, DODSON, WELCH & WALTERS, TUCKER, and others, of Philadelphia, all among the most eminent Line Engravers of the present century, have been engaged to furnish a succession of highly finished steel engravings, superior to any that have hitherto appeared in periodicals.
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Will continue to embrace notes on current literature, etc., and reviews of all new American and foreign works of general interest or value. The criticisms of Graham's Magazine are acknowledged in all parts of this country to be superior in acumen, honesty and independence to those of any cotemporary.
TERMS.
Graham's Magazine will be published about the first of each month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscribers will therefore receive it on or before that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia.—The Proprietors being more desirous of presenting the best and most beautiful, than the cheapest work in the country, and anxious to bring it within the reach of all, offer the following as the cheapest terms at which it can be afforded:—*Three Dollars per annum in advance for a Single Copy or Two Copies yearly for Five Dollars; Five Copies for Ten Dollars, Eight for Fifteen Dollars, or Twelve for Twenty Dollars; (Clubs furnished as usual,) invariably in advance. Postage of all letters to be prepaid.*
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No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—THE FOLLOWing letter is from a highly respectable merchant, dated Lewistown, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1845.
Dr. D. Jayne,—Dear Sir: It is said by most physicians, and it is by the mass of mankind believed, that CONSUMPTION cannot be cured; that when once it becomes seated in the human system, nothing can eradicate or stay its progress, but that it will continue its work of destruction until its victim sinks into the grave.
However true this may prove in theory, I am disposed to doubt it in fact: indeed my own experience and a desire to benefit others, compels me to pronounce the contrary.
You will probably recollect, sir, that in the beginning of 1840 I wrote to you, stating that I had the CONSUMPTION, and that it was fast hurrying me to the grave. I did not then, nor do I now doubt it, every symptom was but too painfully visible. My physicians considered me incurable, but the advice asked of you was given, and I am happy to state that by using a few bottles of your incomparable medicine, the EXPECTORANT, I was restored, and never in my life have I enjoyed better or more uninterrupted health than since that time. If you should see me now, you would not imagine that I had ever been sick, much less that I had had the Consumption, but that I am still living, I ascribe wholly and entirely to your EXPECTORANT.
Leonard Sheppard.
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 south 3d street, Philadelphia. jan 1-3t

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.
SLEEPER & FENNER,
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,
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Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacturing they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers. jy 19-1y

A Fine Poem.

THE OLD NORTHERN PINE.

BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

[illegible]

When the Pilgrim band left the Nation of Slaves,
Their white-gleaming hammocks and [illegible] graves,—
When they sorrowed to obey her tyrannical laws,
And embarked in their God'rand Religion's dear cause,—
To the new Western World flew each vessel's white wing,
No breeze but a free one through the cordage could sing.
On Old Plymouth Rock they first anchored in quiet,
And the cold winds of Tyranny ceased their rude riot.
The "Mayflower" clung to a mighty old tree,
As she knew she was now in the Land of the Free;
And she rested in peace, for the strong cable-line,
Was girt round the waist of an OLD NORTHERN PINE!

And at last, when the Tyrant brought over his chain,
He forged its red fetters and clanked them in vain;
When the blood-hounds of War tracked the feet of our Sires,
And drove them away from their homes and their fires,
Away fled the fugitives, hill, vale recorded,
The call of the minister of sin was unheeded.
As swift as the deer by the hunter pursued
They left the broad plain and hid fast in the wood;
And while the vile stranger, with blood-loving eye,
Looked round in the thickets,—he looked but to die.
No word from the Patriots, a look and a sign,
And Death stopt his heart 'neath the OLD NORTHERN PINE!

When the Slave left the rice-swamps of Georgia afar,
The Moon was his lamp and his guide was a Star;
With a lone weary step, and a heart filled with dread,
To the far Northern clime of New England he sped.
But the hunters were out, they were after the Slave,
Oh, haste ye! fly onward! be strong, oh, be brave!
On he sped; not a moment he paused in his flight,
To the North was his journey by day and by night;
On the Slave-hunter came; but he passed him unseen,—
The Pine-Tree's dense top was safe covert, I ween!
Joy! joy to the blest one, glad freedom is thine,—
A home for oppressed ones, the OLD NORTHERN PINE!

A thousand long years the Grey Eagle he [illegible],
To ten thousand storm-winds his broad wings he giveth;
In the top of yon Pine-Tree he built his first nest,
And there do his old, weary pinions now rest.
There the Eagle is born, there his young wing he tries,
There he passes his years, there he lives, there he dies.
When a thousand years old, in the cold grave he sleepeth,
The Pine-Tree, unwearied, its watch ever keepeth.
It saw in its prime the Grey Eagle's first flight,
And now, all unconfused, it stands in its might!
In a thousand long years it has known no decline,
Oh, a brave, mighty tree is the OLD NORTHERN PINE!

There is silence and rest mid its thick-growing leaves,
'Tis there the gold-robin his cunning nest weaves,
The whip-poor-will sings there, the turtle-dove broods,
And warbles her song through the dim, leafy woods;
And the Lover resorts there, his fond head reclines
On the bosom he loves, 'neath the shade of the Pines;
The nightingale mounts, and the Stars' golden light
Gilds the cheek of his maid through the long Summer night;
And the thick branches o'er him swing soft on his brows,
And like a strange harp sings each low-breathing bough,
Ah! in all the wide forest, no bower so fine,
(For the Lover and Maid,) as the OLD NORTHERN PINE!

When the *Pinta first cruised in our bright Western Sea,
In the distance came sailing a broad-breasted tree;
As it came, slowly borne by the wind and the tide,
'Twas a Pine-Tree she saw o'er the glad waters ride.
'Twas the first one to welcome Columbus on shore,
It will stand till Columbia's remembered no more,
By the Angel of Death, when he flies o'er the world,
Shall the Trees of the Forest to ruin be hurled;
Dark, withered and dead they shall strew the cold earth.
But the Pine-Trees shall stand, as they've stood since their birth;
They shall stand firm for ever! Death cannot consign
To his cloister the proud form of the OLD NORTHERN PINE!—*New Yorker.*

* One of Columbus's ships was first warned of the approach of land by a floating tree.

Thrilling Story.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

I have never crossed the Atlantic, though it has ever been one of the strongest desires of my heart to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers, the region of revolutions and battles, the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a "better land." But in my dreams, I often visit it. There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland, which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have not pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits, lately, the following pictures were before my mind.

I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in our forests, when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely, stood the old family mansion—and there it had stood for centuries. Its towers, its wings, its great niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables and its thousand conveniences and elegances. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stables were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups. The bell and the knocker were bandaged in crape, and I now knew that death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered the door. On entering the lofty rooms, panneled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days, you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture, you saw, at a glance, that in no generation, had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood, whose ivory knobs turned noiselessly, whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mein, but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenance was sunken and haggard—the lips colorless, and the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near in blood. Servants were in waiting, anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have for a dying father. A large scroll of parchment was lying on the table. It was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor, was carefully reading it over.

"Mr. Douglas," said the dying man, "I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son—my only child! The memory of the past is overwhelming. He is mine, as you know only by adoption. I took him when a mere child at the dying request of his father. I have educated him as my own child and loved him as such. Oh! what returns have I received from him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at last he fled from me and from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried every method to recall him. But he scorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every packet, sometimes writing and sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me—promising that I will forgive all and make him my heir, if he will return. I have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands—as many as one a week for a long time. In that will, Mr. Douglas, I have directed that if he returns before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die, he shall still be my son and heir. If he does not, the estate is then to be [illegible], and I have cut him off from [illegible]. You understand the [illegible]?"

"I do, sir; I shall follow your directions to the letter."

[illegible]

* * * * * * *

My dream was changed. I seemed to be [illegible] the crowding mass of a [illegible] in one of the [illegible] in New York. All around seemed dirty, [illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot-bed, as its furniture, while bottles, [illegible] and cards scattered about, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table who wore a rich coat, dirty shirt, and showily garnished. It was [illegible]. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and worried, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud—

"Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends, just so long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery in order to replenish their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me? And yet this good man—how differently has he done! It is plain too, that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him, I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter ensures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at 12 o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down the harbor, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

Away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward; some thought him deranged. Some thought him a thief—all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, and hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers down to the ship already under sail. There is the boat, and there! they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he darts, and reaches the wharf. Alas! she is off, and he is just one minute too late. In agony he saw it all, and cried—"too late—too late!" and sank down in despair. It was too late, and he lost the inheritance forever. What a dream! *N. Y. Evangelist.*

Our Salmagundi.

I'M HERE, WATTY.

The Laird of Bonnimoon was gie fond of his bottle—in short, just a poor drunken body, as I said afore. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord B———, a neighbor of his, and his Lordship, being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went filling his glass like the rest, and ever the more he drank the more he praised his Lordship's *Port.* "It was a fine full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff claret that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks." Well, gentlemen, the Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or, as his Lordship called it, "his particular Port," and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door. "Get out of that, ye fause loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head. "Do na ye see, ye blethering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?" "But Maister, says Watty, scratching his head, "it's amaist twall o'clock." "Weel, what though it be?" said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Watty. "It canna be ony later, my mon, so just reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee." Well, gentlemen, it was a cold, frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so, in a little while, back he comes, and says he, "Maister, maister, it's amaist ane o'clock!" "Weel, Watty," says the Laird with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—"it will never be ony earlier, Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yoursel' a wee while longer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty." Watty was by this time dancing mad; so, after waiting another half hour, back he comes, in an awful hurry, and says he, "Laird, Laird, as true as death the sun's rising." "Weel, Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise, my man, let him rise, he has farther to gang today than either you or me, Watty."

This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine daylight for his journey. "Heech, Watty, my man," says the Laird, patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, "we were nane the worse for that second bottle this frosty morning." "Faith," says Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, "your honor is may be nane the worse for it, but I am none the better; I wish I was." Well, on they rode fou cannily, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road; and the Laird's horse, being pretty well used to have his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor laird lose his balance, and away he went over the horse's ears into the very middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was that drunk that he did not in the least suspect that it was himself. "Watty," says he, sitting up in the middle of the stream and stammering out the words with great difficulty, "Watty, my man, there is surely something tumbled into the brook, Watty." "Faith you may say that," replied Watty like to roll off his horse with laughing, "for it's yoursel, Laird!" "Hout fie, no Watty," cried the Laird, with a hiccup between every word, "it surely canna be me, Watty, for *I'm here!*"

Our Scrap Book.

A WINTER SUNSET.

Nature's great eye, low beaming in the west,
Pours sweetest light upon this mountain-road,
Pleasant in Summer with delicious grass
And checker'd shadows from the bowery limbs;
But muffled now in snow that, beaten hard,
Creaks to my footsteps. The green hemlock nodes
Speckled with gold; the oak's sear foliage, still
Tight clinging to the boughs, is kindled up
To a rich brown, and on the carpet-snow
Glows a soft blush. At hand, a steep slope
Lets down my eye upon the hollow. Pale
In its chill robe it lies, with dusky lines
Of crossing fences—groups and orchard-trees
And roofs, like dingy patches, scatter'd o'er.
But now the broad diluted sun has stoop'd
To the blue line of hills along the west.
Lower it falls, until a shred of light
Glimmers, then sinks, and the red sky is bare.

☞ An Indian, at an English dinner at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud acclamation, on seeing a vast quantity of froth come out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied, "I don't wonder at all that the froth comes out of the bottle; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIAL.

[illegible]

"Here Rests William Heyman."

WINTER AND WANT.

The meal's gettin' dearer, and the 'tatties are bad,
The coals, too, are high, and white wine is to be had;
The winter's approachin', wi' cauld an' wi' wet—
How we'll e'er warstle thro' it we kenna yet.

Oh! it's ill times for us when a' things grow dear,
As the days become short, the nichts could na' clear!
The keen blasts o' winter come through our thin claes,
And the dearth o' a' comforts brings plenty o' waes.

Now our frien's write us fra the far distant west,
That wi' a fine summer they've been highly blest;
Their crops ha'e been rich, they ha'e routh o' gude wheat,
An' only want markets for what they'll no eat.

Oh it may be the law, but it canna be richt,
That we should be starved when there's food in our sight:
If the meal's gude and cheap, it's but little we heed
What law it's been grown in', what lan' cou'd the seed.

The Lords o' the State, an' the Lords o' the Lan',
Mann eat in their words and gi'e up their ain plan;
They wad fain be considerate an' keep up the rent,
But we'll no to please them thole a Winter o' Lent.

IRONDEQUOIT LOCAL CURRENCY.—It is well known in the regions bordering on Irondequoit Bay, that fish and waterfowl are more abundant than money. These articles, if the following schedule be correct, are sometimes used in the place of the regular currency. A friend has sent us a list of fees in Justices' Courts:

Justices' Costs in Civil Cases in the environs of Irondequoit Bay.

For issuing a summons,	1 dog fish.
do. a subpœna,	1 do.
Adjournment,	6 Sunfish.
Filing papers,	3 Bullpout.
Service for witness, &c.,	1 Lamprezel.
Venire,	3 Black Bass.
Judgment and Execution,	1 Mess Pickerel.
	15

Reference—Parkhurst, on the Sandbar, vol. 8, pp. 167.

The same in Criminal Proceedings.

For issuing a warrant,	1 string Suckers.
For service,	1 do. Shiners.
Subpœnaing witnesses, each,	2 Chubs.
Custody,	1 piece Sturgeon.
Commitment,	2 Sheepshead.
Locking up,	1 Hell Diver.
Calling Court,	1 pair Mudhens.
Filing papers,	1 Mudpeke.
	10 legal currency.

Accompanying the above was a long list of references, too learned for our comprehension, and of course incomprehensible to our readers.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE GOOD WIFE.—She commandeth her husband in an equal matter, by constant obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely, men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plaid cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially, she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

Be thine the emblem, sweet one—watch and pray,
Win thy young, stainless heart from earthly things;
Oh! wait not thou till life's bright morning ray
Only o'er blighted hopes its radiance flings,
But give to Heaven thy blameless spirit now,
Ere sorrow's traces mar thy placid brow.

Sinless and pure thou art, yet is thy soul
Filled with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams;
Sweet fantasies that mock at truth's control,
Like atoms round thee float in fancy's beams;
But trust them not, young dreamer—bid them flee,
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy thoughts—thy gentle heart,
(*Already woman's in its wish to bless*)
Now longs for one to whom it can impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And yearns to know the meaning of the thrills
That wakes when fancy stirs affection's rills.

Thou dreamest of love's happiness,—the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well,
Alas! our passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean waves, are heaved with secret swell,
And they who hear the frequent low-breathed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain, vain are all thy visions; couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot,
Oh! couldst thou read upon her pride-veiled brow
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
An pray for strength to wear her martyr crown.

THE DESERT OF A WOMAN'S HEART.—The following illustrative idea of "what's a desert in a female mind?" is extracted from a novel entitled "Marriage."

Douglass saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms:

"Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed; but—I—I did not then know what a desert was; or at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband laughing; "do tell me love—"

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *dejeunes* and *fetes champetres.*"

A WHALER.—A placard was recently hung out in New York, intimating that thirty men were "wanted for whaling." A six-foot fellow, who had landed but the week before from Tipperary, went and offered his services. He said, in proof of his qualifications for the employment, that he had the week before whaled Mick Finn and Ned Dowlin; that that morning before he took his tay, he had whaled Owen Connor, and that he had promised to lick Terry Duffy the first time he come across him. The ship agent told him the list was full, so the Tipperary whaler walked out to execute the vow he had registered against Terry Duffy.

☞ A Quaker on a certain occasion was asked in a lordly tone, by a magistrate of over-weening vanity, whose *former* business was that of a carpenter, why he did not take off his hat when he came into his presence. "It is a privilege Quakers are allowed." "If it were in my power," said the ridiculously self-important justice, swelling out with pseudo dignity, and giving his cane a flourish, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said the shrewd follower of Penn, with most provoking non-chalance, "that thou hadst given up the *trade of driving nails.*" The pompous justice was dumb-founded!

☞ A little girl seeing the doctor take her brother from the warm bath and apply a warm flat iron to his feet, was at a loss to understand the operation. Her first artless question was—"Well, doctor, you have washed him, and now I suppose you are going to iron him."

[illegible]

Ladies' Boudoir.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

They tell me that I must not love,
That thou wilt spurn the [illegible]
And unbought tenderness that gives
Its hidden wealth to thee;

It may be so: I heed it not,
Nor would I change my blissful lot,
When thus I am allowed to make
My heart a bankrupt for thy sake.

They tell me when the fleeting charm
Of novelty is o'er,
Thou'lt turn away with careless brow,
And think of me no more;

It may be so: enough for me
If sunny skies still smile o'er thee,
Or I can trace, when thou art far,
Thy pathway like a distant star.

TYRANNY OF FASHION.

It is distressing to notice what tyranny fashion exercises over many of the fair sex. Crowds of them are seen bowing at the shrine of this immoral goddess, and yielding obedience to her mandates, to the utter ruin of their health and happiness. In many of our cities and larger towns, aye, and smaller towns, too, her reign is indeed the reign of terror. She has but to speak, and no matter how absurd and ridiculous, or even torturing, her utterances, she is at once listened to and obeyed. Not satisfied with dictating rules of dress, diet, air and exercise, she assumes the right to apply instruments of torture to the bodies of her victims, by which they are compressed and broken into a form utterly destructive of nature's beautiful model, and thus misshapen and deformed, heart, lungs, and other vital organs literally crushed within them, they are compelled to drag out an existence devoid of comfort and of usefulness. I cannot enlarge. I hope the evil here indicated is not so prevalent as it was a few years since. It has in some degree been corrected by the diffusion of better views on the subject of physical education. It still however prevails to a melancholy extent; and it ought to be discountenanced and resisted by all who wish well to the rising and the risen generation. If mothers would see their daughters adorned with the character of the virtuous woman, they must learn to train them with a rigid reference to the laws of health, so as to secure the most perfect development both of body and of mind. And our daughters must learn the essential conditions on which health depends, and carefully conform to them. They must learn, that if they would have a sound mind in a sound body, cheerful spirits with beautiful forms and blooming countenances, they must cease to worship at the shrine of the goddess of fashion, and follow the precepts of reason and common sense—must breathe pure air, take free exercise, be satisfied with a simple nutritious diet, and never be afraid to bear a part in the work of the kitchen, and the common affairs of the family. They must learn, in a word, in the whole course of their training, both at home and in the school, to mingle labor with study, active with sedentary employments, and never fall into the absurd notion, that in order to be delicate they must be indolent, or, that in order to be fine ladies, they must form themselves into those inefficient, fainting, nervous things that often pass under that name.

SONG.

BY KATE CLEAVELAND.

How soothing bright, is thy dark, loving eye!
As it kindles, and flashes in answer to mine,
And the language it speaks, is that spoken on high,
For the light that illumes it is almost divine.
It is sinful to gaze on that love-moulded form;
Or to sigh for repose on that innocent breast—
I but look, as the mariner looks through the storm,
At the beacon-star, hopeless of reaching its rest!

Though thou'lt wed with another, thy heart beats for me,
For thine eye hath confest what thy lip might deny,
And the passion that throbs in this bosom for thee,
Pure spirits might own in their dwelling on high.
Though I never may dare to give voice to my love,
Shall this hinder my heart in its worship of thee—
Oh! my silence alone such devotion shall prove,
As will bind thee forever in spirit to me.

The Family.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I was happy, I was happy, and only yesterday,
But those blissful hours are fled, and my joys are far away;
I was happy in the meeting of each friend I loved so well—
And happy too, in *something else*, that tongue can never tell!
We met together, as perhaps, we ne'er shall meet again—
We met in hope, ding hope and joy, and not in grief and pain;
We met around our kindred's hearth, and the red fire's cheerful glow—
Only rivalled by each sunny face, that could not sorrow know.
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas—how afloat from every tongue,
Rang the glad and happy accents, alike to old and young;
There were aunts and there were uncles, and oh! how many cousins!
I could not call them by their names, but count them by the dozens.
The children laughed and cried by turns, as children often do;
The gossips gave the plural news, and not the singular new;
We were happy as a clergyman, pronouncing marriage banns;
Happy with our Christmas dinner, and our lovely Mary Anna!
The old folks in one corner got, the young ones in another;
And we caught the oft reproving glance, of many a prudent mother—
Oh! why will "ma's" be so afraid, of the dear little misses?
And then (just only think of it,) those harmless sugar kisses!
We thought and talked of every thing, of Mesmerism, Love,
And wrote some pretty compliments, to fill a lady's glove—
Phrenology and poetry and optics, studied well,
What at Philosophy we done, I really cannot tell!
Dinner! dinner! they are calling—was ever table [illegible] led,
With the goodly things long since the clash of knives and forks forbidden.
Why Thanksgiving's scarcely equal, with its turkies and mince pies;
We had every thing to feast on, not forgetting radiant eyes!
"Mr. Long, pray carve the turkey," "thank you Doctor," "Uncle Ben,
Here's the chicken"—"bless your soul"—"hand the gravy up again"—
Coffee—biscuit—tea, I thank you—sorry to see the plate you [illegible]!
Hem! I've caught my death of cold I'm sure, the ground's so cold and damp!
But dinner is despatched at length—thank heaven Poe got a case,
By the step of every circle, where ladies and gallants meet.
"How do you like pianos"—"pause if you please?"
"Did you not know 'twas impolite in company to sneeze?"
"My poetry? why sure dear Miss, you're getting quite intense"—
"You wish me then to flatter you, oh dear how very rude!"
Then did we kill the stearnness of Christmas, yesterday:
With our pretty earliest cousins, sweet as violets in May,
At length we all broke up, oh dear! I feel so very sad,
When I think of what is gone, and what a merry time we had.
Alas for all our brightest hours, how quickly do they fly,
And the blossoms of affection ever fadest memory lie;
Our days of sorrow drag along, so slow to Fruth's [illegible];
While pleasures flee away so soft we scarcely see how fast.

Ah well-a-day, I still must sigh, for long I cannot say—
I was happy, I was happy, and only yesterday.

Springfield, 1845. L.

MUTABILITY.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I saw two children [illegible]
Their arms about each other,
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine
Around its nearest brother;
And ever and anon,
As gaily they ran on,
Each looked into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace.

I marked them next, when they were men,
I watched them meet one day,
They touched each other's hands, and then
Each went on his own way;
There did not seem a tie
Of love, the lightest chain,
To make them turn a lingering eye,
Or grasp the hand again.

This is a page in our life's book,
We all of us turn over;
The web is rent,
The loom gives apart,
And oh! the path we once foresaw
How seldom we recover!

Our days are broken into parts,
And every fragment has a tale
Of the abandonment of hearts,
May make our fondest hopes turn pale.
Even in the plighting of our troth,
Even in the passion of our oath,
A cold hard voice may seem to mutter,
"We know not what it is we utter."

☞ Two ladies named *Pigeon* and *Lark*, were charged, at Hatton-garden police office, London, with stealing three fowls, from a man named *Aviary.* The prisoners were detected in the act, and given into custody of a constable named *Parrot*, who brought them to the office, from which they were consigned to the *Cage.*

Agricultural.

VENTILATION OF STABLES.

It is upwards of eight and-forty years since James Clarke, of Edinburg, protested against close stables. He insisted that they were hot and foul, to a degree incompatible with health; and he strongly recommended that they should be aired in such a manner as to have them always cool and sweet. Previous to the publication of Clarke's work, people never thought of admitting fresh air into a stable; they had no notion of its use. In fact they regarded it as highly pernicious, and did all they could to exclude it. In those times, the groom shut up his stables at night, and was careful to close every aperture by which a breath of fresh air might find admission. The key-hole and the threshold of the door were not forgotten. The horse was confined all night in a sort of hot-house, and in the morning, the groom was delighted to find his stable warm as an oven. He did not perceive, or he did not notice, that the air was bad, charged with moisture, and with vapor more pernicious than moisture. It was oppressively warm, and that was enough for him. He knew nothing about its vitiation, or about its influence on the horse's health. In a large crowded stable where the horses were in constant and laborious work, there would be much disease. Glanders, grease, mange, blindness, coughs, and broken wind, would prevail, varied occasionally by fatal inflammations. In another stable, containing fewer horses, and those doing little work, the principal diseases would be sore throats, bad eyes, swelled legs, and inflamed lungs, or frequent invasions of the influenza. But every thing on earth would be blamed for these before a close stable.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

WINTER PLOUGHING.—All stiff tenacious clays, intended for spring crops, should be ploughed either late in the fall, or during the open periods of the winter. But the breaking up of such lands, should never be undertaken, unless it be in that peculiar state between *moist* and *dry*, which enables the ploughman to turn it over in a state free from danger of it becoming mortar, a condition always consequent upon the ploughing of stiff clays when wet. If ploughed in this latter state, it will remain so throughout the season, and of course prove profitless to all the purposes of cultivation. If, however, advantage be taken to plough when the soil is *right, neither wet nor dry, but moderately moist*, the effect of the action of the winter's alternations of *freezing* and *thawing* will be, to disintegrate the particles of clay, render it friable, lessen the labor of cultivation, excite the decomposition of vegetable matter, facilitate the formation of the silicate of potash, and *greatly increase the quantity, and improve the quality* of the crops which may be growing upon it.

THRESHING AND CLEANING GRAIN.—As the prices of grain are now remunerative, we would advise all to get all they have out, so as to be ready for market at any time that their interest may point it out as the proper one to sell at. For years past, the raising of grain has been an unprofitable concern, but now, when prices offer something like a just reward for labor bestowed, and interest involved, grain-growers cannot look too sharply, nor watch too closely, to seize upon the point of time when maximum prices are to be obtained; nor can they be too regardful of not being caught in the meshes of *speculators*—those *convenient gentry*, who travel on the "*wings of the wind*" to make money out of the want of information of others, and thus to fatten on ill gotten spoils.

GRAIN FIELDS.—At least twice a month, the grain fields should have all the *surface-drains* examined, and *every clod, stone* or *stick*, carefully removed, so that no impediment be left to prevent the free progress of the water, as nothing is more destructive to the plants of winter grain, than being flooded by water in winter or early spring. That it is one of the causes of what is called winter killing, we have never entertained a doubt, and we are as clear of doubt, that it may be avoided by deep ploughing, laying dry, by surface drains, and by keeping these drains free from obstruction.

MILCH COWS.—As butter brings a fair price, you can afford now to *feed your cows* upon some nourishing grain slops. Corn ground in the cob, makes a rich mess when scalded or boiled into slop, and is highly conducive to the encouragement of the formation of *cream.* See then, that your cows get a just allowance of *slops*, that they are warmly lodged, and get a proper allowance of hay, and water.

WORKING OXEN.—If you desire that these animals should be in good condition and able to perform the work which will be imposed upon them, allow them daily feeds of grain, and plenty of hay; have them well cleaned and provided with beds and warm sleeping apartments.

STOCK GENERALLY.—Every thing of the kind should be protected from the inclemency of the winter, by dry sheds or stables, be regularly fed and supplied with straw or leaves for bedding.

BREEDING SOWS AND STORE PIGS should be shielded from the wintry blasts by a good warm pen, which should be well supplied with bedding, which should be removed at least once a week. But while the comfort of their sleeping apartments are attended to, it must not be forgotten to feed them. Ashes and charcoal should be kept in a trough, where, as their appetite may indicate, they may take a dose to neutralize acids, and preserve the tone of their stomachs in their integrity.

TOOLS, IMPLEMENTS, CARTS, WAGONS AND GEARING.—The careful husbandman will thoroughly examine every thing of the kind, and have the necessary repairs promptly made; he will be also equally careful to see that each and all of these are placed safely under cover, in order that they may be protected from the elements. His harness and gearing he will of course have well cleaned and rubbed with neat's foot oil and lampblack, and such as may not be in use, he will have carefully hung up.

YOUNG CATTLE.—These should be kept in a separate yard from the old ones. In a trough under cover, should at all times be kept a mixture of lime, ashes and salt, in equal portions, to which they can have free access. As to their feed, though we are averse to stalling them, we would certainly recommend that they be sufficiently well fed to keep them from that state of hunger which makes them fretful and dissatisfied. In a word, they should get enough to eat to preserve them in good heart and growing condition.

OLD FIELDS.—If you have any old fields that afford but indifferent pasture in summer, seize the first occasion when you can spare the time, this winter, in moist weather, to sow on every acre of it a bushel of plaster, and we shall be greatly disappointed, if by the first of June next it does not furnish a rich green carpet of white clover and other grasses.

COAL ASHES.—For most kinds of grass, coal ashes make an excellent top dressing. A hundred bushels to the acre will sweeten the soil, encourage the growth of valuable grasses, and ultimately drive out the coarse ones.

As we have concluded our familiar talk upon [illegible]

[illegible] the earth of the frame [illegible] that can be done in the open garden while the earth is locked up by hard frost, we will merely say to those who may have gardens whose soils are stiff clays, that they should seize the occasion of every spell of open weather to have their beds spaded up to realize the benefit of that amelioration in the degree of friability, which results from the action of the frost.—*Am. Farmer.*

Juvenile Department

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 11, 1, 17, 20, 21, 5, is a division of the Globe.
My 13, 1, 17, 17, 20, is a county in North Carolina.
My 12, 20, 16, 2, 11, 20, is a city in New Holland.
My 21, 5, 17, 12, 3, 10, is an Empire.
My 22, 20, 3, 18, 14, is a canal in the United States.
My 5, 2, 23, 11, 20, 5, 3, 6, 11, 2, 10, 20, 5, 17, 9, 19, 17, 20, is a country in Asia.
My 4, 20, 17, 17, 5, 12, is a Strait in the Coral Sea and an Island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 3, 6, 12, 2, 6, 2, 10, is one of the United States.
My 5, 1, 12, 20, 17, 2, 14, is a country in Europe.
My 6, 5, 17, 2, 11, 2, is an Isthmus.
My 17, 11, 6, is a Sea.
My 4, 17, 2, 2, 3, 20, 6, 8, is an Island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 3, 6, 13, 2, 14, 8, is an Ocean.
My 24, 20, 20, 6, 15, 20, 8, is a city and river in Rhode Island.
My 20, 21, 8, 3, 2, is a country in Europe.
My 20, 3, 16, 20, 17, 3, 22, is a lake in the United States.
My 5, 6, 8, 19, is a celebrated Mountain.
My 18, 2, 3, 11, 21, 5, 17, is a river in Europe.
My 14, 7, 3, 19, is a Grand Division of the Globe.
My 8, 17, 3, 11, is a Lake.
My whole is what every body ought to take.
☞ Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.
C. A. PEASE, Darby,
(aged eleven years.)

CURIOUS TABLE.—If you begin at the letter T, in the middle of the following table, you will spell the name of one of our exchange papers, no matter in what direction you read.

```
E B O L G A N A N A G L O B E
B O L G A N A I A N A G L O B
O L G A N A I D I A N A G L O
L G A N A I D N D I A N A G L
G A N A I D N I N D I A N A G
A N A I D N I E I N D I A N A
N A I D N I E H E I N D I A N
A I D N I E H T H E I N D I A
N A I D N I E H E I N D I A N
A N A I D N I E I N D I A N A
G A N A I D N I N D I A N A G
L G A N A I D N D I A N A G L
O L G A N A I D I A N A G L O
B O L G A N A I A N A G L O B
E B O L G A N A N A G L O B E
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Choice Selections.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

BY P. B. SHELLEY.

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries,
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes—
Waken me when their mother, the grey Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the Moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers,
With their ethereal colors; the Moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine,
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the Western Isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art or Nature;—to my song
Victory and Praise in their own right belong.

POCKET-PICKING.

The Albany Citizen cites the following case, and says it may be relied upon as authentic, which illustrates the ingenuity of this wide-spread and dangerous species of villany more thoroughly than any other we have heard of:

A few weeks since, a gentleman at the Astor House in New York, suddenly missed a gold watch which was worth more to him than it could be to any body else. He marvelled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the office and reading-room of that hotel since he noted the hours by it. In the hope of recovering it, he advertised his loss and offered a reward of $50. The same day he received a note informing him that he could have his watch by calling at a certain house in an obscure part of the city. After some little hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least this attempt to recover it. His call at the door was answered by a genteemanly looking person, who, in reply to his inquiries, replied that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the $50, provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited, and the gentleman recognized it at once, paid the reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in its place in his vest pocket. As he was turning to go away he remarked,

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch back again, but I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the pickpocket. "Do you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the reading-room of the Astor House on the morning you lost the watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you not also remember that a gentleman who stood close by, left his newspaper, drew near, and finally joined in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly," replied the other, and also that he engaged in it with much warmth!"

"Precisely," continued the narrator, "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness tapped you two or three times on the left breast thus?" (suiting the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"*Then* I took your watch," said the other, and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor, musing on this strange occurrence, and while relating it to some of his wondering friends, was astonished to find that his watch was again missing. When the adroit knight of the nimble fingers described how he had once filched from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally lost his watch, after having paid to the thief the reward for its recovery!

THE ENDLESS BEING OF MAN.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Heaven and earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me,
Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:
—I am, and I can never cease to be.
Oh thou that readest! take this reflection
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes
Which time, life, death, the world's great powers wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be.
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee?
I may not answer; ask eternity.

EPITAPH.—In a work entitled Church-yard Poetry, we find the following epitaph, copied from the marble sarcophagus of "Ladye Emleen Vermuse," in one of the church yards of Yorkshire, England:

"This shrine of stone within it keepeth
One who death but just sleepeth;
And in her quiet chamber moveth
As if of Heaven alone she dreameth.
Her form yet wore so fayre in seemings,
Her eyes so holy in their beamings,
So pure her beauty in coming fading,
A band of angels thought that she
Was one of their bright company;
And so came heavenward around dream,
Handed her too away to Heaven."

[illegible] "[illegible] all [illegible] been."

"How should I [illegible]—I hain't got nothin' to do with your house. It's washing day."

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak so cross! I didn't speak cross."

"Oh—you just did."

"I didn't."

"I say you did."

"I say I didn't."

"By gracious! I won't stand this. It's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam. We'll have a separation."

"Oh, Mr. Bird—was ever a woman so abused. Here I've been working and washing and scrubbing all day long, as hard as ever I could, and then you come home and set on to me—just like I don't know nothin' about—your house—oh!—it is too—bad, it is—boo-hoo!—hoo-hoo!"

"Nancy! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is there chickens to be fried for supper?"

"Ye-e-s—my dear—I got 'em for you particularly."

DIRN YOUR BRITISH GOLD.—About the time that matters and things in the specie line were becoming interesting in Natchez—a sucker from the landing, at Illinois, who had just sold the last of his load of corn, called at the Planter's Bank to obtain specie for his bills.

Handing them to the accomplished Teller, he said,—"*Stranger, I don't want nothin' but the specie funds—gold, if you've got it, if not—the specie it's self.*"

Mr. ———, with his usual grace, counted out the four hundred, in sovereigns, and handed them over. The fellow picked one up, examined it closely, read the stamp on both sides, and handing it to us asked, "*aint that British, stranger?*" He was informed it was, but that it was as current as American gold or silver.

"Oh!" replied he, "you don't fool me, young man—*Dirn your British gold*—I've got a kind o' pison feelin' gin anything in that line; *Dirn your British Gold!* You must think I'm a fool—it ain't redeemable no where but in the Bank of England, and I ain't a gwoin thar to git it changed. *Dirn your British Gold!* Three cheers for *Illinois!*"

FIREING THE FIRE.—A good story is told about two firemen—one of them a fat, heavy individual, who had just joined. One day, upon an alarm being given, the two started full speed for the engine house, and arrived there just in season to see their machine turn a distant corner. After chasing it for some time, but without gaining an inch, the fat man became completely blown—exhausted almost past breathing with the unwonted exertion. "Let's hurry on and find the conflagration," said the lean friend. "Not an inch farther," retorted the other, puffing and blowing; "*We'll find the confounded fire in to-morrow's paper!*"

SUCCESSFUL MEASURE.—"Well, squire," said a constituent to a representative, "why didn't you get our petition through the Legislature this winter?" "*I did get it through, my dear sir,* without any difficulty." "Ah—indeed!—I didn't see any account of it in the newspapers." "To be sure not—*I carried it through both Houses in my pocket and made no noise about it.*"

☞ The Governor of Louisiana has appointed the 13th instant, as a day of Thanksgiving in that State.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Pain in the Side and Breast, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Palpitation of the Heart, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hives, Nervous Tremors, Liver Complaint and Diseased Kidneys, are radically cured by

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPTHA.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!—FARTHER evidence of the efficacy of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha, in Consumption.

PHILADA., Oct. 13, 1845.

The undersigned is induced to make the following brief statement, under a firm conviction that many valuable lives might be saved, was recourse had to the same means which have restored me to health. I had suffered for years with weakness of the Lungs and Liver Complaint, but so gradual were the inroads of disease, that I felt no alarm until within the last year. The chief cause of distress was pain in my breast and right side, great oppression, almost strangling, and total inability to raise the corrupt matter which obstructed my breathing; and at times so great was my suffering, I thought I could not live an hour. It is scarcely necessary to say that during this time, I had the best medical attendance, was cupped, blistered, &c., with no avail. I also used various advertised and well known medicines, obtaining no relief whatever. At all I procured "Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha." The first bottle of which benefited me more than all else I had taken; and I now assert it as my honest belief, that by the use of it I should have gone to my grave had I not procured the remedy at the time I did.

SARAH JANE ADAMS,
No. 138 South Fourth street.

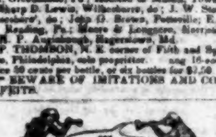
Sworn to and subscribed the 13th day of Oct., 1845, before me, CHAUNCEY BULKLEY, Alderman.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; T. C. Butler, Derby Line, Vermont; J. A. Perry, Manchester, New Hampshire; F. Brown, Boston; John Cox, Worcester, Mass.; C. L. Covell, Springfield, Mass.; R. J. Taylor, Newport, R. I.; Dr. Charles Osgood, Norwich, Conn.; V. Grant, Exeter, N. H.; G. Terry, Enfield, Conn.; Moore Dunn, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; A. B. Sands & Co., New York; J. Eyerman, Easton, Pa.; T. B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J.; Ed. Bringhurst, Wilmington, Del.; Roberts & Atkinson, corner of Baltimore and Hanover streets, Baltimore; Chas. Stott, Washington, D. C.; A. Duval & Co., Richmond, Va.; Chas. Carlin, Petersburg, Va.; M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.; John H. Fisher, Lynchburg, Va.; Dr. James Cocke, Fredericksburg, Va.; O. S. Hunt, do. Va.; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala.; F. A. & M. Owen, Memphis, Tenn.; L. Wilcox, jr., Pittsburg; G. F. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. & N. Jenkins, Barnesville, do.; Jas. M. C. Johnson, Warren, do.; S. Cooper, Springfield, do.; Lewis Curtis, Geneva, Wisconsin Ty.; Doctor McPherson, Harrisburg; D. Gross, Harrisburg; Stevenson & McAffey, Carlisle; R. Angney, Carlisle, Pa.; John Gish, Lancaster; Jacob Mayer, Chambersburg; Rev. D. Smith, Greensburg, Pa.; Howard & Moore, Towanda, Pa.; Sharp D. Lewis, Wilkesbarre, do.; J. W. Steeter, Waynesboro', do.; John G. Brown, Pottsville; E. W. Earl, Reading, Pa.; Moore & Longacre, Norristown, Pa.; R. P. Augustus, Hagerstown, Md.

S. P. THOMSON, N. E. corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, sole proprietor, and [illegible] 50 cts. per single bottle, or six bottles for $2.50.

☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND COUNTERFEITS.



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness never fails.* It is the only medicine the will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 464 North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jones, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest noise, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy. (near Bethel.) WILLARD JONES.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or S. S. Gumpert, No. 126 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Dubois, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Ritchie & Co., New Orleans, La.; E. P. Ellis, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sherwood, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. P. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind., and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK, or ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 109 MAIN ST., above THIRD ST., CINCINNATI. T. W. COOK, No. 82 FOURTH St., PITTSBURG; [illegible], MOBILE, ALABAMA.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE,
OLD FRIENDSHIPS,
AND
NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which this paper receives. To those that they are the most adjust of the Union, which such patronage originates, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is preeminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying sup[illegible] which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In th[illegible] time which has served [illegible] the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, [illegible] the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength [illegible] following, always leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party bias, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, so far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognize only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"*The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.*"

To give the SATURDAY POST an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

FAMILY CIRCLE,

We give to its columns the character of a

WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;
BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;
SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES;
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this Journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the POST truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR. Among the older papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, we can declare blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

In addition to the letters of our much admired contributor, JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR, and the agreeable gossip of our BOSTON CORRESPONDENT, the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, purchase of the New York Mirror the right to transfer to their columns the letters of N. P. WILLIS. In this department, therefore, the POST cannot be excelled.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION.

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs; the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.—ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 30th, 1845.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir:—I feel called by a sense of duty I owe to suffering humanity to acknowledge my grateful thanks for the wonderful effects of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" on me, after having suffered month after month with the most afflicting of all diseases, Consumption, with scarcely a ray of hope, or a "beacon light" to guard me against my own horrible forebodings. The circumstances which first led to the awful state of debility, was from taking a very heavy "cold," which seemed to fix itself upon the lungs, which gradually grew worse, with profuse night sweats, a hacking cough, oppression in the breast, spitting blood with great general debility. My constitution seemed broken down, and nervous system very much impaired, with all the symptoms of confirmed Consumption. I went to Philadelphia, and was treated there by physicians of the highest respectability, but still grew worse, until they gave me up as incurable, and advised me to go South, but being very poor after having so much time from my work, and having spent all my money on the various "Patent Medicines," which were recommended as being by through the medium of the press, I was unable to take their advice. Being a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, they supplied me with money gratuitously to send me to my friends in Saco, Maine. I was treated by physicians of the highest standing there, but received no benefit whatever from them, but gradually grew worse, until my physicians and myself gave up all hopes of my ever recovering, and I felt like one who is about to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. At this "awful injunction," I heard of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY," and knowing you to be a regular practising physician in Philadelphia, gave me more confidence in the medicine, so I concluded, as a last resort, to make a trial of it. I sent to your agent in Boston, and purchased one bottle, which relieved me very much; I then procured two bottles more, which I am happy to say entirely cured me, and I am now enjoying better health than I ever have before in my life. It seemed to have a beneficial effect at once. I gained strength rapidly, although reduced to a mere skeleton, and I feel satisfied from its salutary effects in my case, that Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry will cure any case of diseased Lungs, if taken according to the prescribed rules contained in the pamphlets accompanying the medicines. Even the physicians who witnessed my case are highly recommending it in similar cases—and I wish you to make this public, so that others who are suffering as I have been, may know where to procure a remedy at first, which will reach their disease, without tampering with and ruining their constitutions with the many "quack nostrums" with which the country is flooded; prepared by persons who have no knowledge of the science of medicine in theory or practice, but are got up merely with a mercenary view.

I am a Scarlet Member of the Hope Lodge of I. O. of O. F., in Providence, R. I., and will be happy to give any information in regard to the efficacy of your medicine, and can give ample proof that my case is not exaggerated in the least. ALBERT A. ROSS.

To Dr. H. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—The public should be on their guard against the many "Balsams" and "Mixtures" of Wild Cherry, which have sprung up in all parts of the country, purporting to be prepared by physicians, all of which will be found to be "false," by a little inquiry in the towns and cities where they originate. All certificates and statements in regard to Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry are "strictly true," and the proprietor is daily receiving them from persons who have been cured by the celebrated remedy. The (original and only) genuine article is only prepared by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philada.

Attached are a few of the Agents.

AGENTS.—Dr. Milnor, corner of Broadway and John streets, New York; William Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. S. Morris & Co., Louisville, Ky.; E. Easterly & Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Oliver & Co., N. Orleans; O. O. Woodman, Vicksburg, Miss.; S. Calmet, Huntsville, Ala.; L. Hooldge, Buffalo, New York; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile; J. P. Cook, Baltimore; J. M'Kinley, Lionville, Pa.; Mrs. E. Kidder, 100 Court street, Boston; E. Farnham, Washington, D. C.; J. M. Windsor, Rochester, N. Y.; Harvey Seymour, Hartford, Conn.; H. & J. Brewer, Springfield, Mass.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston; J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Barnard & Co., Rodney, Miss.; G. & W. Russell, Albany; Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; Heinitsh & Son, Lancaster; M. Lutz, Harrisburg; M. Phillips, Wilmington, Ross & Co., Reading; W. Shaw, Wilmington, N. C.; Allen & Gould, Concord, N. H.; Douglas & Lansing, Chillicothe; Geo. H. Fish, Saratoga Springs; Myers & Haverlick, Carlisle; J. Welty, Greensburg; F. Johnson, Richmond, Va.; Shipley & Wheeler, St. Augustine, Fla.; A. Morgan, Havanna, West Indies, and by all the regularly appointed agents in all the principal towns through out the U. States. nov 22-3m

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